SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

AUGUST 1, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
25 CENTS



INDIANA'S MIKE TROY

THE AMERICAN SWIMMERS
Last trials for Olympic hopefuls

THE GAUDY GAMES OF ANCIENT ROME
Robert Graves takes you on a tour of the Olympic city—circa 90 A.D.

Open your heart to carefree romance aboard the SS LURLINE or SS MATSONIA. Five nights, four days of holiday fun, sparkling friendships, food and service with a flair distinctively MATSON. Then Hawaii, and summer fun and summer sun to brighten your Fall holiday. It's all so easily planned, with a sailing every week between Honolulu and San Francisco or Los Angeles. If time is short, fly over and sail Matson home. May we recommend that you see your travel agent for expert advice with your Aloha holiday?

Matson Lines

Lovely Joan Fontaine photographed on her most recent Matson voyage



SS LURLINE SS MATSONIA TO AND FROM HAWAII

MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY • Offices: New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C., Honolulu

July 25, 1960

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway, Jr.

If you see a pretty girl go past you on your country club terrace in a blackberry brandy colored dress, you may be looking at a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED results story. (We're not **really** trying to take all the fun out of your life—we just have one-track minds). But to spare you the trouble of striking up a conversation and asking how she came to buy the dress, we'll tell you right here.

Some time back, Hiram Walker and its agency C. J. LaRoche, were looking for ways to promote their cordials to women.

Our Merchandising Manager, George Trescher, introduced them to the McMullen Company, a leading fashion designer. McMullen then designed an entire collection of shirts, skirts, shorts, and dresses in four "flavors"—creme de cacao, creme de menthe, apricot brandy, and blackberry brandy, which is where the girl



in our first paragraph came in. The collection, called "Cordial Casuals", appeared in four 4-color pages in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that tied in with Walker's cordials of the same name and flavor.

Then came the promotion, with everything from

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

display windows in high fashion boutiques to (hold your hat!) fashion shows at liquor distributor sales meetings. We understand that the latter events aroused considerable enthusiasm among the salesmen.

At any rate, Hiram Walker cordial sales for the period were not just cordial, they were positively overwhelming!

Said President Ross Corbit:

> "Even if we had written the whole show ourselves, we could not have come up with a happier ending. Thanks primarily to 'Women and Hiram Walker', our national cordial sales have shown phenomenal increases on top of steady year-after-year sales gains. We extend our appreciation to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for an outstanding performance."
>
> Ross Corbit
> President
> Hiram Walker Incorporated

Incidentally, McMullen sold the casuals collection to 350 stores and they sold out.

So, as we say above, if you see a pretty girl . . . but no, I guess you won't be thinking about Pete Callaway and the boys at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

* * *

Once we get started on results stories, it's hard to stop, what with the job that selling with sport can do for almost any product. But rather than drag you bodily through the entire gamut, we'll just report one more, this week. It seems at first glance to be about as far removed from cordials and high fashions as you can get.

Here it is . . . in a letter to SI salesman Swift Lockard from Howard Brod, Vice President in charge

(continued back flap of this insert)

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3. Mare resistant ta impacts — Tires made with TYREX cord meet impacts with MORE TIRE POWER—*as proven by test!* Subjected to brutal abuse in tests especially designed to measure strength, tires with TYREX cord proved better able to withstand impacts—showed *more* all-around stamina.

4. Quieter, smoother riding — TYREX cord keeps tires round as tires *should* be for a smoother, quieter ride . . . will *not* cause thumping like nylon, due to flat spotting.

5. Basically stronger — Developed for tires exclusively, TYREX cord provides MORE TIRE POWER for the new stresses and strains of modern day driving.

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TYREX INC.

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The car inside... a British TRIUMPH Herald



All 3 cars in the picture are smaller cars. A "compact," an "import" and the new British TRIUMPH/Herald. Though the TRIUMPH is no shorter, it can outturn and out-maneuver the other two quite noticeably. Why? Simply because its front wheels turn farther. It parks with only 18 inches leeway and U-turns in 25 feet.

This is only *one* of the TRIUMPH/Herald's innovations. It bristles with them. Experts say it is at least "3 full engineering years ahead" of the other economy cars. Here is a partial list of its more surprising features: The TRIUMPH/Herald needs grease only once every 6,000-12,000 miles. With independent suspension on all 4 wheels combined with an extra-rigid "wish bone" frame and torsion-bar stabilizer, it will stay level on roads that make other cars swing and sway. It is built in 7 major, easily replaceable sections so repairs are quicker, less expensive than with bulky unit construction.

The TRIUMPH/Herald costs* little more than smaller "stand-pat" German and French imports. Advanced engineering alone makes it worth much more than the difference. So do materials. (The steel, for instance, is heavy-gauge *Sheffield*.) And it comes equipped, not stripped. The only extras are a radio—and white walls. Everything else is included in the list price.

Try a TRIUMPH/Herald before you buy any other car. There are 3 models to choose from... Sedan, Sports Coupe, and Convertible. See your Standard-Triumph dealer now. He's listed in the YellowPages.

TRIUMPH

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Contents

AUGUST 1, 1960 *Volume 13, Number 5*

12 Mr. 'A-Bear' Makes It
Often a runner-up but never a champion, Jay Hebert rallied at Akron to win the PGA title

16 The Mysterious Buty Treatment
The use of Butazolidin in Illinois queers the odds and stirs a controversy in Thoroughbred racing

18 Go Sox! Stop Yanks!
Chicago's scrappy White Sox climax a winning month by beating the Yanks and taking first place

20 Hands Off That Horse!
Rodeo Rider Tommy Smith is disqualified (in color) for touching mount with free hand

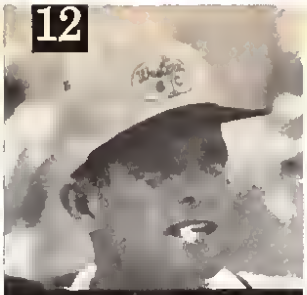
27 Bringing Up the Rear
John Cooper has put the racing engine behind the driver and Britain ahead of everybody

30 Swim Till It Hurts
And then keep on swimming. That is the motto of Mike Troy, the world's best butterflyer

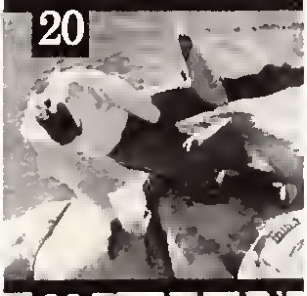
38 How to Crookshank
Roger Price recommends organized apathy as the logical, sporting answer to that old ennui

49 Heavyweight in Waiting
In a mile-high Denver ring Sonny Liston knocked Zora Folley all the way down to sea level

56 The Gaudy Games of Rome
Robert Graves, scholar and novelist, re-creates a day of fierce rivalry in the year 90 A.D.















The departments

6 Scorecard
8 Coming Events
10 Editorial
42 Cycling
49 Boxing
51 Fitness
52 Boating
54 Charles Goren
65 For the Record
66 Baseball's Week
67 19th Hole
68 Pat on the Back

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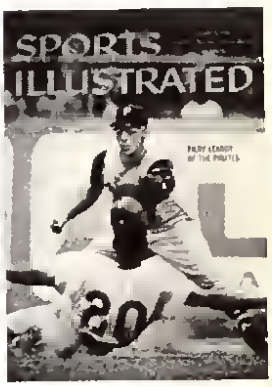
Acknowledgments on page 65

Next week

Stephen Birmingham, champion all-round non-athlete, wit and social historian, tells how judicious use of sporting terms enables him to avoid all exertion, yet talk a good game.

In a new instructional, Tennis Editor Wilham Talbert, aided by Davis Cup players Earl Buchholz and Chuck McKinley, shows you how to play—and win—at doubles.

There's nothing spectacular about Dick Groat and he hits mostly singles, but baseball men respect him as the man who makes the Pirates go. Roy Terrell tells you why.



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MEMO *from the publisher*

IN the long light of history *The Decline and Fall of New York* by Gerald Holland (SI, Jan. 11) may not overshadow a more extensive treatise on the similar fate of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon. But already Holland's *Decline* has made an agreeable start. A none-too-solemn argument on the status of sport in our largest city, it had hardly appeared before swift rebuttal came from Richard Frey of the American Contract Bridge League. "In bridge, at least," Frey wrote (SI, Jan. 25), "New York is neither second-rate nor second-best."

This roused Ivan Erdos of Los Angeles to a far from declining reply. The best in Los Angeles bridge, he said, would gladly cross cards with whatever New York had to offer (SI, Feb. 8). "Anywhere, any time."

New York aces and Los Angeles trumps thus declared, a home-and-home series of matches begins on August 11 and 12 at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, just before the opening of the Summer National Championships there. New York's finest players, among them Helen Sobel, John Crawford, Tobias Stone, Peter Leventritt, George Rapee and Howard Schenken, will meet a Los Angeles team which includes Ivan Erdos, Lew Mathe, Harold Guiver, Ira Rubin and Meyer Schleifer. The return engagement comes November 17 and 18 at the Statler Hotel in New York, prior to the Fall Nationals.

At stake, of course, is Holland's appraisal, but there is more than that —municipal pride, for one thing, plus a resplendent pennant which SPORTS



PENNANT FOR AWARD-WINNING CITY

ILLUSTRATED, the cause of it all, has gladly given. Suitable for flying from the first available flagpole in the winning city, it is adaptable to flagpoles in any city, town or, indeed, hamlet you could name. This is just as well, because even before the first trick has been played, several others, among them Chicago and Washington, have indicated a desire to cut in on the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Bridge Capital Championship.

Open to the kibitzing public, the matches will raise funds for the National Association for Mental Health. For these matches, and the Nationals, too, Charles Goren will be commentator, as usual, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Sidney L. James

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE Alan G. Skelly, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

A THINKING CHAMPION

Eight hundred friends, some old, some fair weather, gave Floyd Patterson a testimonial dinner of roast duck in New York last week. They also gave the heavyweight boxing champion of the world some sumptuous gifts, and they made complimentary remarks about him. Off to one side, Floyd Patterson said:

"Since the fight, I've been taking it easy, for one thing, and taking care of my new baby boy, for another. The doctor told my wife not to go to the fight but she did anyway. It didn't make any difference, because the boy was not born until the ninth of July. After two daughters, he is my first son. We named him Floyd II. When he was born he weighed eight pounds and two ounces, so I know he's got the material. But he'll have to be taught how to use it. That's my job. It's also my job to give him his bottle at 3 in the morning and again at 6. The two of us get along just fine.

"Sometimes I've thought a little about what people said before I won the fight. I didn't mind so much them saying Ingemar Johansson would probably beat me, but I did mind that nobody said they *hoped* I'd win just the same. I know we're not at war with Sweden or anything like that, but, after all, I'm an American, and didn't the sportswriters want the title back in America? I still don't understand why I got so little encouragement.

"Now, of course, everybody wants to be friendly and everybody's writing something nice about me. That's O.K., but you understand what I mean when I say they're writing it now when I really don't need it."

OUT AT SECOND

"I don't know much about baseball but I'd like to see a game," said the lady caller at the Pittsburgh Pirate ticket office.

"Fine," said the agent.

"Have you two nice seats along the second-base line?" asked the lady.

THE HERO OF BRIGHT PARK

Bill Hartack—the petulant and skillful young race rider who leads all other jockeys this year in winners ridden (190), agents parted with (two) and members of the sporting press rebuked (just about all of them); who won two legs of the 1960 Triple Crown with two different horses; who said, "I'm an athlete, not a publicity man," in January and kissed a horse for publicity pictures in May—lives for much of the year in a small, split-level house in Miami Springs, Fla.

About 10 minutes from Hartack's home is a baseball field called Bright Park. There Hartack hears things these days far different from the jeers of race fans that often accompany his appearance at the track.

This has come about since a man named Tony Parra approached Hartack and said, "I'm organizing a baseball league for little boys 4 to 8 years old. Would you sponsor one or two teams?" Hartack thought awhile and said, "Why just a couple? I'll underwrite the whole league." After starting with 40 boys the league has now grown to 200, and Hartack is still paying for shirts, balls, bats and other items that have cost him $781.15.

"I wish," said a friend of Hartack's recently, "that you could hear some of the parents talk about Bill. They adore him. They think he's the greatest thing in the world."

Let's hope none of the kids ever calls him Willie.

FISH STORIES

In Truro, Mass., on Cape Cod, two surf casters, fishing a small tidal river on a moonless night, discovered after one frustrating hour that 1) the tide was out, 2) the river and fish were out with it, and 3) the bait they had been casting was landing somewhere off in the darkness in the middle of a sand bar.

In Miami, retired obstetrician Dr. Louis Haas fought and landed a 100-pound sting ray in 35 minutes. Noting a suspicious abdominal bulge, Dr. Haas rendered professional assistance. Mother and four little rays, returned to the water, are doing fine.

Off the California coast, a bunch of the boys from the National Football League were deep-sea fishing. Big Daddy Lipscomb fell asleep, whereupon L. G. Dupre pulled in Lipscomb's line, tied a bucket on the end and threw it back in the water. Big Daddy woke up, hollered, "I got one!" and began pumping away. After exhausting runs and leaps by the fighting bucket, Lipscomb reeled his quarry into sight just below the surface of the water. "Man!" shouted Big Daddy. "Look at the mouth on that fish!"

NOBLE EXPERIMENT?

When we left intrepid Bud Boyd two weeks ago, you may recall, Bud, his wife and his three children (ages 8, 12 and 15) were on their own in the mountain fastness of northern California. On assignment for the San



BOYD AND SON BRUCE RIG ROPE SNARE

Francisco *Chronicle*, they had with them an ax, five knives, some salt and some nylon rope and cord, and they were counting on wit and enterprise to keep body and soul more or less together for at least six weeks.

But their experiment to find out how "the last family on earth" might survive an atomic war has ended in failure after only 12 days. As we rejoin the family, we hear Bud, through the daily journal he kept, saying:

"Our first night was horrible. For

the first time in my life I am afraid of the mountains. It rained, it hailed and it was bitter cold. . . . It was uncomfortable beyond words."

Having failed to finish a satisfactory shelter before the storm struck, Boyd conceded that after only a few hours in the wilderness he and his family "were in a desperate plight." Building a fire with a shoelace-powered drill "took ages," two lean-tos Boyd erected were "miserable failures." "This weather could kill us," he concluded. "I don't know what we'll do.'

What Bud *did* do was go fishing, on the third day, in Lower Lipstick Lake. He fashioned a barbless hook from daughter Sharon's ring, made line by raveling his nylon cord, cut a pole from an alder sapling. The seven trout he managed to land helped out, but Boyd still wrote: "These have been the most brutish, hellish, most miserable days in our lives."

In succeeding days, things took a turn for the worse. The Boyds harvested dandelion leaves and skunk cabbage tubers but failed in their first attempts to cook them in a hot mud pack. ("We threw the whole filthy mess away. . . .") Boyd lost his finger-ring hook to a fat, ferocious trout, had to improvise other lures from manzanita twigs and nylon fluff. A marauding bear ("a great black hulk of darkness framed against the star-glow sky") leaned into the lean-to one night. The fire went out. The children whimpered in their sleep. Scratches, insect bites and blisters became infected. Clothes began to disintegrate. "Do you think we live like animals?" Boyd scribbled. "We do *not*. The animals are better off."

Finally, on the 11th day with hardships mounting apace, one of Boyd's rope snares trapped a fawn. The meat, their first, was the family's undoing: they all took sick with dysentery and Bud was compelled to summon help and return to San Francisco.

Boyd's travails were not over. He was back before even the first of his daily installments (brought out of the woods by a messenger the Boyds never saw) had appeared in the *Chronicle* and 41 other U.S. newspapers. The *Chronicle*, for circulation reasons, held off saying so. The rival San Francisco *Examiner*, for obvious reasons, was delighted to say so, and even implied that the "last-family" story had been a hoax from beginning to end. The *Chronicle* replied huffily that if the experiment *had* been a hoax, it would not, of course, have ended in failure. And to back up their righteous indignation, the *Chronicle* and Bud Boyd are suing the *Examiner* for $2,105,000 for libel.

STEERING THE ROPE

Roping a steer, that old-timy pastime of the old West, has come full circle.

As Huron Hawks of Hollis, Ark., described his idea to the U.S. Patent Office: loop of lasso is attached to long pole, pole is edged up to edgy steer, loop is steered over steer's head, pole is withdrawn, rope is pulled tight, steer is yours. Patent No. 2,944,518 granted. Yippee—also Timber!

BET WITH BETTYE

Bettye Stark is a pert 14-year-old who says she'd "rather be around a race track than any place else." She has been spending most of her vacation at the Longacres track near Seattle.

"I sure wish I had a race horse of my own," she said recently, for the umpty-umpth time. "Well, now you do," said her father, and he brought out Alibhai Buz, a 3-year-old chestnut colt he had been able to buy for $400. The reason for the low price was that Alibhai Buz had earned $170 in 1959 and nothing at all in 1960. Undismayed, Bettye last week entered her horse in a $1,200 claiming race at Longacres. Out of $10,551 in the mutuel pool, he drew only 27 bets totaling $63.

Naturally, Alibhai Buz breezed home by two and a half lengths, paid $284.60 to win, and made the holders of 27 tickets awfully happy that Bettye Stark was vacationing at their race track.

CONDITIONED REFLEX

When facing a formidable hitter, White Sox Pitcher Early Wynn sometimes seems to aim directly for the batter's ear. It helps square things. At Chicago's Comiskey Park last week, Wynn was giving his 18-year-old son, Joe Early, some batting practice. Joe Early lined one, sizzling, past his old man's head.

Sure enough, the next pitch came in high, hard and about a foot inside. Joe Early threw himself into the dust just in time.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CAROL MEINHART of Pittsburgh, women's national archery champion, set two world records at Pittsburgh when she shot 742-756 for two-round 1,498, beating previous one-round (740) and two-round (1,476) marks set by Jean Lee of Springfield, Mass.



JOSEPH MARINELLO of Bloomfield, N.J., 77-year-old retired elevator operator who cycles to keep in shape, finished weekend, 671-mile cycling expedition through New England, declared he had gotten more tired "running my elevator up and down."



IOLANDA BALAS, Rumanian high jumper who has equaled or beaten women's world record 10 times since 1956, surpassed her own world mark by nearly an inch during track and field championships at Bucharest, cleared the bar at 6 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



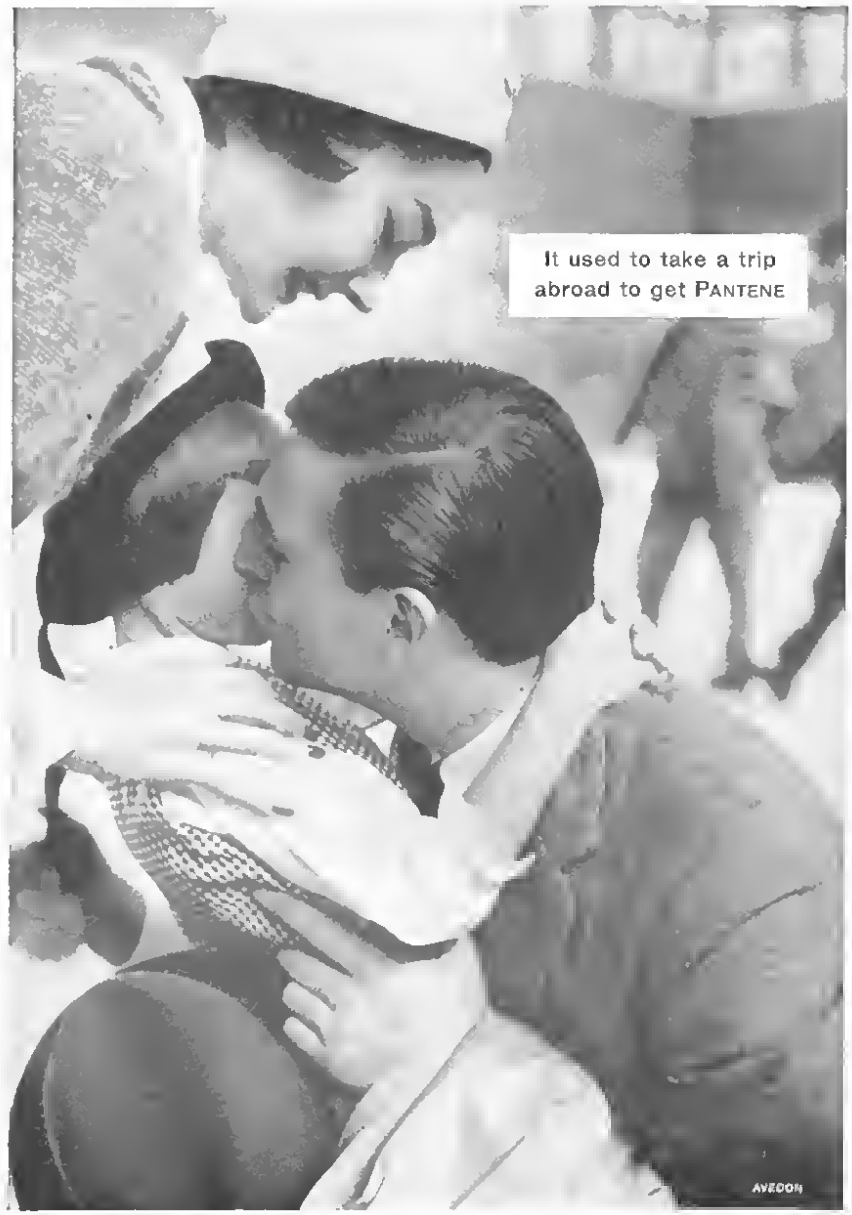
HERMAN WILLEMSE, a schoolteacher from Utrecht, Holland, finished 300 yards ahead of the field to win the seventh annual marathon swim around Absecon Island at Atlantic City, completed the 25-mile course in 10:30 5.4, took home $5,000 for his efforts.



FRANK HAVENS, 36-year-old Vienna, Va. insurance man who won the 10,000-meter Canadian singles canoeing title at the 1952 Olympics, took 1,000-meter singles in the Olympic trials on New York's Lake Sebago, was named to his fourth Olympic squad.



DICK SCHULDERBERG of the Gibson Island, Md., yacht club, barely got his yawl *Serendipity* into the field but went on to win the 19th Virginia Cruise Cup sailing race on Chesapeake Bay in the corrected time of 12:19:48, best in history of 123-mile event.



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Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

COMING EVENTS

July 29 to August 4
All times are E.D.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, July 29

BASEBALL
■ Pittsburgh at Chicago (Mutual) *

BOATING
SCYA Summer Regatta, Balboa, Calif (through July 31)

Saturday, July 30

BASEBALL
◉ Cincinnati at San Francisco (ABC) *
◉ Cleveland at Baltimore (NBC) *
■ Kansas City at New York (Mutual) *
◉ Pittsburgh at Chicago (CBS) *

FOOTBALL
Pennsylvania Big 33 vs High School All-Americans, Hershey, Pa

HORSE RACING
Arlington Futurity, $100,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill
Brooklyn Handicap, $100,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
Delaware Handicap, $150,000, Delaware Park, Del
◉ The Sorority, $100,000, Monmouth Park, N.J. (NBC) *

MOTOR SPORTS
USAC road races, Elkhart Lake, Wis. (also July 31)

Sunday, July 31

BASEBALL
◉ Cleveland at Baltimore (NBC) *
◉ Pittsburgh at Chicago (CBS-TV, Mutual-radio) *
■

DOG SHOW
Santa Barbara Kennel Club, Santa Barbara, Calif

MOTOR SPORTS
NASCAR Grand National division, $47,175, Atlanta

SHOOTING
Natl Skeet Shooting Assn World Champs, Lynnhaven, Va (through Aug 6)

Monday, August 1

ARCHERY
Natl Archery Assn tournament, Oxford, Ohio (through Aug 5)

HORSE RACING
The Sanford, $25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

Tuesday, August 2

BASEBALL
Detroit at New York (Mutual) *

GOLF
Apawamis Pro-Amateur, $7,000, Rye, N.Y.
Natl Left-handed Championship, Tacoma, Wash (through Aug 5)

HORSE SHOW
Royal Dublin Society Show, Dublin (through Aug 6)

SOARING
Natl Champs, Odessa, Texas (through Aug 11).

SWIMMING
U.S. final Olympic men's and women's trials, Detroit (through Aug. 5)

Wednesday, August 3

BASEBALL
■ Cincinnati at Chicago (Mutual) *

BOXING
◉ Hank vs Ellis, middles, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

GOLF
USGA Junior Amateur Championship, Overland Park, Kans (through Aug 6)

HORSE RACING
Choice Stakes, $50,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J.
The Test, $25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

Thursday, August 4

BASEBALL
■ Kansas City at Boston (Mutual) *

GOLF
Insurance City Open, $25,000, Wethersfield, Conn. (through Aug 7)
LPGA Waterloo Open, $7,500, Waterloo, Iowa (through Aug 7)

HORSE RACING
Beverwyck Steeplechase, $15,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

*See local listing



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EDITORIAL

BASEBALL WAKES AT LAST

Like a slept-out, latter-day Rip Van Winkle, major league baseball last week opened its other eye, yawned widely and admitted it was time to get up out of the 1920s.

A lot has happened to the world and to the U.S. since those halcyon years, years that now live only in sentimental memory. The 5¢ cigar, the 5¢ subway ride and the 5¢ telephone call have vanished forever along with the 10¢ ice cream soda and the 25¢ haircut. There are nearly 100 million more Americans now than there were then, and the number of U.S. cities with populations exceeding 400,000 (*i.e.*, big enough to support a major league ball club) has just about doubled. But in spite of all these changes, there is one relic of the 1920s that endures: the two-league, 16-team setup of organized big-time baseball. This anachronism survives because those who preside over it have been content to let sleeping dogs sleep—particularly dogs that are not only somnolent but solvent.

For the last two years, however, a new and wide-awake pup called the Continental League has been yapping at the door of the big league bedroom. A year ago the barking briefly roused the American League, which admitted—at its owners' meeting—that maybe it was time to get going on the road to expansion. But when the American looked to its senior partner for endorsement of this daring thought, it found the old National League still snoozing peacefully, unaware of any need to do anything about anything. So what, asked the AL with a shrug as it returned to slumber, can we do all by ourselves?

The yapping of the newcomer, however, has continued in the year since then, arousing many angry neighbors to a consciousness of baseball's tight-shut monopoly. Largely because of the noise these outsiders made, the National League at its meeting in Chicago last week admitted that it was time to open the door. It appointed a committee to meet with the Continental League to test its viability. Then, in the words of the official announcement, "if it develops that a new league is impracticable, the National League has voted unanimously to expand its membership to 10 clubs."

This decision may have been, as many claimed, only a gesture of irritation—a warning to the Continental League to put up or shut up. As such alone it could have a strong accelerating effect on the Continental's efforts to solve its franchise difficulties. But even if its intent was only to harass, the NL decision serves to put *all* of organized baseball on permanent record as favoring expansion. Having made this admission, the present leagues can scarcely back away from it. There will be expansion in one form or another.

What is the right form? Proponents of two 10- or 12-club leagues contend it would be years before a third league achieved true major status with the fans. Proponents of a third league claim it would foster a greater degree and variety of interleague and intraleague competition, whereas expansion of the old leagues would simply mean making their cellars bigger. Who, they ask, cares about the fight for seventh, eighth, ninth and 10th places in any league?

To this question we say: a good many people, if the high quality of baseball is maintained. We doubt that eight new teams can be created immediately without severely diluting that quality. In consequence, we favor two 10-club leagues, partly for the reason just stated, partly to preserve the World Series in its present dramatic form. But whatever direction it takes, we are for expansion as such, and we welcome the long overdue admission of the National League that the time for more big league ball is now.



When you feel like cloud-climbing

Any time a party takes hold, you're likely to hear someone say "Now it's really cloud-climbing."

Who started calling it cloud-climbing isn't certain but one thing *is* certain. For the cloud-climbing mood, nothing is more cloud-light than Relska vodka.

Especially for the many social drinkers who really don't like "liquor" taste, Relska vodka is the answer. For it *has* no taste and never changes the taste of anything you mix it with.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
AUGUST 1, 1960

MR. 'A-BEAR'



by ALFRED WRIGHT

OF THE 184 golfers who moved into Akron last week for the 42nd Professional Golfers' Association championship, not more than two dozen seriously thought that they had a chance to win. The rest—and no doubt a majority of the 22,000 spectators who watched the opening two rounds of the four-day tournament—came with lively expectations of eyewitnessing a historic event. They hoped, and in many cases presumed, they would see Arnold Palmer, who had already won the Masters and the U.S. Open, become the first golfer ever to win all three of these tournaments in the same year.

On his opening round Palmer seemed determined to leave no one in suspense. Playing as close to faultless golf as could be expected of a human under pressure, he turned in a 67 on one of the longest, tightest, most trying courses that the pros have ever encountered. On that day, despite ideal temperatures and scarcely a hint of wind, only three others among the very best playing professionals in the business managed to break the par 70. They were Sam Snead, with a 68, and Paul Harney and Fred Haas Jr., each with 69.

That night, in the rooms where the golfers gathered, they were saying that unless the sniff of one more championship (and his fourth PGA title) provided an adrenalin solvent for Snead's 48 years, Palmer should win easily without having to stage one of those breathless finishes that brought him home first in the Masters and the Open. The course seemed suited to his big drives and his relentless, often fearless golf attack.

But it was his very boldness that destroyed Palmer. The flaw in the

GRIM AND GRITTY, Jay Hebert waits his turn during the third round of PGA play.

MAKES IT

A Louisiana Cajun who often plays first-rate golf only to finish second, Jay Hebert surprised himself and others; he won the PGA after Palmer gambled once too often

Photographs by Art Rickerby

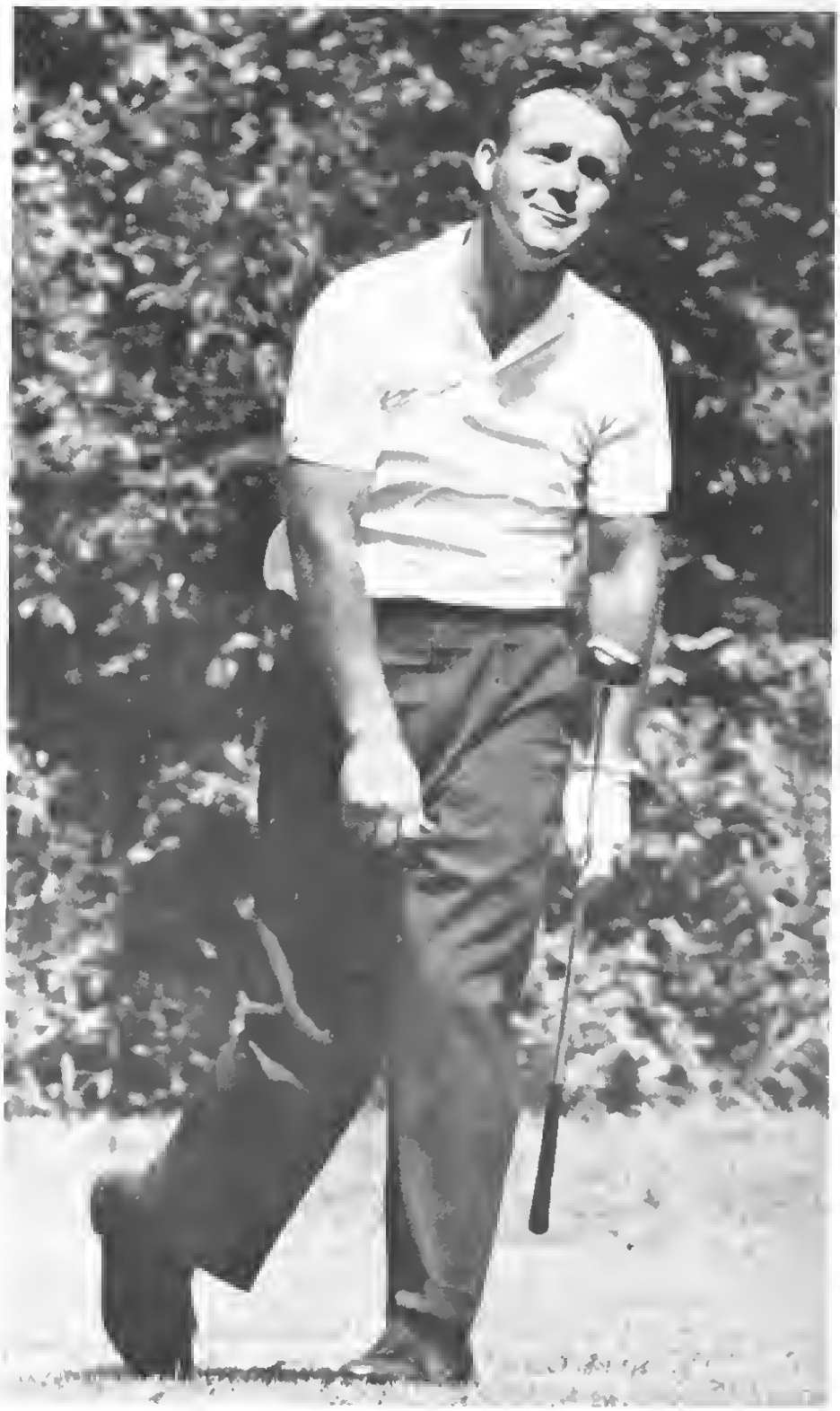
Palmer method appeared as early as the second day. Whenever he was in trouble, as he so often was throughout the first nine holes, he played from the rough or behind trees as if he expected every shot to go into the hole. It is the only way he knows how to play golf, and it is the quality that makes him one of the truly dramatic athletes of our time, but his daring did not work for him on this stubborn course on Friday. He was four over par at the end of the first nine, and though he held par for the rest of that round, his 74 put him into a position where he constantly had to gamble against increasing odds.

Meanwhile, on that second day, Jay Hebert produced a remarkable 67 to go with his two-over-par 72 of the first day. Lest such a score look somewhat pallid next to those one is accustomed to reading about when the touring pros are at work, it is worth noting that in the entire four days of this tournament, and through more than 500 rounds of golf at the Firestone Country Club, par was broken only 13 times.

If Hebert was still not taken too seriously at the end of the second round, it is only because this tall, lean 37-year-old Louisiana Cajun with the Sunset-and-Vine looks has so often played brilliantly during his five full years on the pro tour—and has so seldom won. Though not a tremendously bold hitter like Palmer or Mike Souchak, he is a graceful and finished golfer much along the style of Dow Finsterwald. He wins a lot of money on the tour (nearly $35,000 in 1958, more than $27,000 last year and more than $30,000 so far this year), but he is the type who usually finishes second or third.

It was to be a different—and also happier—story for Hebert at this tournament. On Saturday he added

continued



SWEET AND SOUR, Arnold Palmer rues *shot that helped kill 1960 U.S. slam bid.*

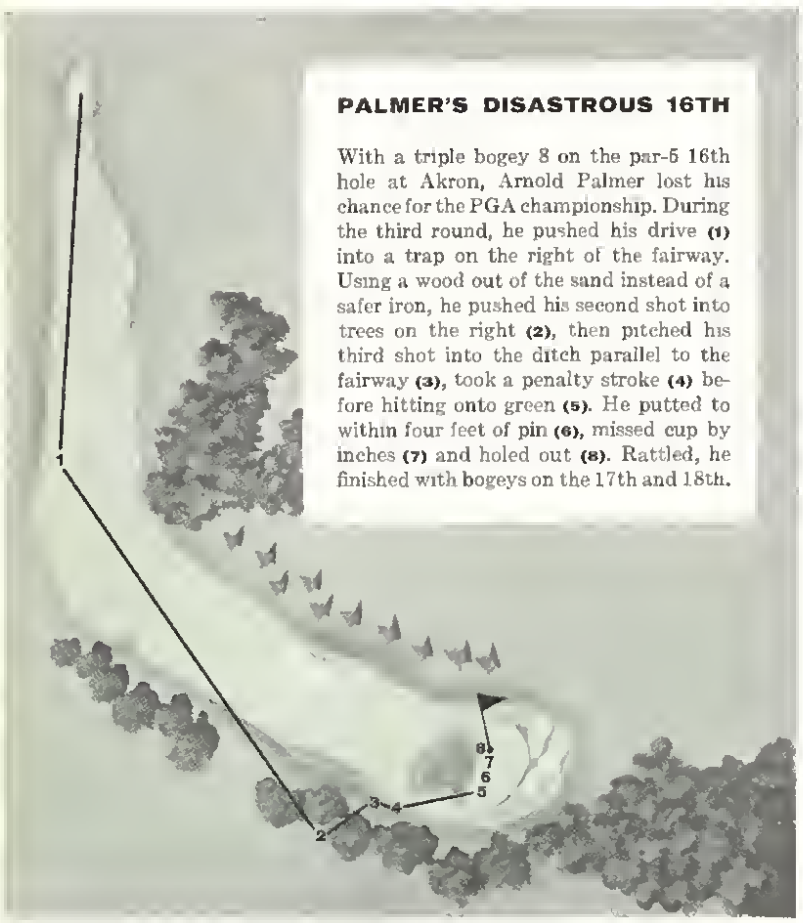
another most respectable 72 to his earlier scores and went into Sunday's final round tied for second place with Snead and Jim Ferrier, just one over par and but one stroke behind young Doug Sanders, the leader.

That final round on Sunday was reminiscent of the last round of the Open at Denver five weeks earlier. Four players in the last and next to last threesomes to tee off—Sanders, Hebert, Snead and Ferrier—were within a stroke of one another when they started. Throughout the afternoon, as their fortunes fluctuated, one or another of them would either own or share the lead. With Snead and Ferrier playing down the 16th hole and Sanders and Hebert starting the 14th, they stood this way: Snead, Hebert and Sanders were two over par for the tournament and tied for the lead. Ferrier was in second place, three over par.

On the par-5 16th Snead hit a remarkable approach with a wedge and tapped in his short putt for a birdie, putting him in the lead at one over. But on the par-4 17th, Snead hit a slightly errant second shot into the rough alongside the green and chipped out poorly. His subsequent two putts gave him a bogey 5. Meantime Ferrier hit a superb second shot to within a foot of the hole and sank his putt for a birdie. Now all four of them were tied at two over par. On the 18th Snead, after a good drive, hit a loose second shot off to the side of the green. Again he chipped poorly and two-putted for his second bogey in a row. Ferrier played this same hole perfectly for his par and finished one stroke ahead of Snead.

All this while Hebert and Sanders had been staying close to par until they too reached the 17th. Each needed par 4s on the last two holes to tie Ferrier. Both used irons from the 17th tee to avoid the fairway traps. Sanders, hitting his second shot, was too long and by the green. It took him three shots to get back and into the cup—for a bogey 5. Hebert was now playing excellent golf. He hit a lovely five-iron for his second to within eight feet of the pin and holed his putt for a birdie 3. He was one stroke ahead of Ferrier, and he seemed to sense the victory, for he couldn't take the grin off his face as he waited for the other players to finish putting. A well-played par on the difficult 18th was all that Hebert needed for his championship, and he made it with what he later described as "the most commercial putt you'll ever see."

Inasmuch as Arnold Palmer was not to have his triple slam, or whatever label the three victories would have acquired, this particular tournament could not have produced a more popular victory if it had been prearranged. Junius Joseph Hebert, whose name is pronounced "A-bear," is a man of great charm and modesty, so much so that one wonders how he has remained a bachelor all these years. Just before he was to start his final round on Sunday, Al Laney of the *New York Herald Tribune* said to him: "Jay, you'll make a lot of people happy if you win this." Hebert seemed genuinely surprised and said: "Do you really think so?"



PALMER'S DISASTROUS 16TH

With a triple bogey 8 on the par-5 16th hole at Akron, Arnold Palmer lost his chance for the PGA championship. During the third round, he pushed his drive **(1)** into a trap on the right of the fairway. Using a wood out of the sand instead of a safer iron, he pushed his second shot into trees on the right **(2)**, then pitched his third shot into the ditch parallel to the fairway **(3)**, took a penalty stroke **(4)** before hitting onto green **(5)**. He putted to within four feet of pin **(6)**, missed cup by inches **(7)** and holed out **(8)**. Rattled, he finished with bogeys on the 17th and 18th.

A wounded veteran

Of course, it should be remembered that Hebert, despite his youthful good looks, is somewhat more mature than most of his friends on the tour. In the early 1940s his college education at Southwestern Louisiana Institute was interrupted by the war, and he eventually served as a lieutenant platoon leader with the Fifth Marine Division at Iwo Jima. A Japanese bullet through the left thigh hospitalized him for a year, but he fully recovered. At a victory press conference last Sunday after the tournament, a young reporter asked him facetiously, "Jay, is the 16th hole here tougher than Iwo?"

Hebert looked at the reporter seriously and said, "Nothing is."

Throughout the four days of the PGA, there was a good deal of carping about the severity of the Firestone Country Club course, which Robert Trent Jones, the architect, had redesigned over the past couple of years at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Art Wall Jr., last year's golfer of the year, who is currently in the midst of a hot streak after some early-season infirmities,

said at one point, "It's just too much for me. All you can do is get out there and slug, slug, slug. You're always on the defensive. You can't ever attack it." Many, like Wall, felt it was not quite fair to put the home pros on such a course. They will have to explain to their members why they shot 82 or 85 as soon as they met the touring pros.

But looking at it in another way, such a demanding course is just what the PGA needed to restore the prestige it began to lose during the postwar years. This year, promoted smoothly by Firestone and the people of Akron, the tournament had the polish of the Masters. The total prize money of $63,130 was second only to that of the Masters. It is argued by PGA officials that it would downgrade the tournament at this stage to play it on just any old patsy course. Hebert, for one, put the cause for the affirmative when he said, "If I could keep my sense about me when I play every shot, I would say this is the perfect golf course. You've just got to stay out of those bunkers and out of the rough if you ever want to break 75 around here."

Although Arnold Palmer failed last week to win the PGA, and also last month to win the British Open, there can be no doubt about his overwhelming new stature in American sport. Even in losing he is the thrilling and appealing new figure that golf has been awaiting since Ben Hogan saluted the inevitability of age some half dozen years ago.

Man of the people

Golf being the game of imponderables and inconsistencies that it is, Palmer will not win more than a minority of the tournaments he will play in as time goes on. But he will be the player the people come to see wherever he competes. Every shot Palmer plays is executed with such determination and confidence that not only he but his opponents and audience and friends are sure it will succeed. Neither as self-absorbed as the earlier Hogan, nor as acquisitive as Snead, Palmer enjoys the sympathy and affection of his fellow players. If they can't win, they hope he will, and none begrudges him his sudden prestige and success. As a top PGA official said of Palmer last weekend: "He is very good for golf. He has character." **END**

HEAVEN TO BETSY FOUR TIMES OVER



BETSY RAWLS SMILES AFTER VICTORY

WHILE Arnold Palmer was failing at Akron in his attempt to sweep the major U.S. golf titles, at the hilly, green Worcester Country Club in Massachusetts, Mickey Wright was missing a slam bid of her own. She sought a third straight U.S. Women's Open championship, but the title was won by 32-year-old Betsy Rawls (*right*), a Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Texas and Spartanburg, S.C., who did manage to set a record by becoming the first golfer ever to win the Women's Open championship four times.

Victory came to Betsy Rawls after a record-tying 68 on the morning of the final day, then a sudden collapse by Miss Wright and a memorable challenge by stocky Joyce Ziske, who lost on the final yard of the final hole. There Joyce missed a short putt that would have tied her for the lead.

Even under placid circumstances, women often are pretty excitable creatures. Shaken by the pressure of a national golf championship, they bubble like bottles of warm champagne. "I *like* to get keyed up," said Mickey Wright. "I can feel it coming on for several days. I start talking fast and jerky, like I am now. If you're not keyed up, you start playing too relaxed and sloppy."

In the early rounds there was nothing relaxed or sloppy about the tall, pretty Miss Wright. Driving and putting beautifully, she put together 1-under-par 71s on the first two days. Miss Rawls, a short but accurate driver and an exceptionally skillful chipper and putter, meanwhile wrestled fretfully with wavering short irons and numerous putts that rimmed the cup and stayed out. She finished 36 holes at 149, seven strokes behind Mickey.

But next morning Betsy shot a 68, while Mickey's putting turned sour. When the two went in to lunch at 12:30 they were tied for the lead at 217, three strokes ahead of Miss Ziske, who had fashioned a 71 in the morning.

"On that front nine in the afternoon," Betsy said later, "we both completely lost control of our emotions. We were scared, tense, shaky, nervous, unable to think—everything."

Both shot shaky 40s on the outgoing nine and lost the lead to Miss Ziske, playing a hole back, who had scored a steady par 35. Then Betsy got a grip on her nerves at the 10th, a par-3. She chopped her second shot out of deep grass below the green, and got her par with a three-foot putt. "I got a big lift," Betsy said. "If I bogeyed that hole I knew I was through." Mickey *did* bogey the hole and *was* through, finishing the round with an 82 that required 38 putts.

Betsy picked up four birdies after the 10th and finished with a 75 for a 72-hole total of 292. Then, a half hour later, she stood at the edge of the 18th green and watched frantically as Joyce Ziske missed the putt that would have tied.

"It was agony, agony," said Betsy Rawls.

—GWILYM BROWN

THE MYSTERIOUS BUTY TREATMENT

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The use of Butazolidin at a race track in Illinois stirs a nationwide controversy among horse racing's officials, while the $2 bettor faces a new problem in his efforts to pick a winner

AFTER Venetian Way won this year's Kentucky Derby, racing fans learned for the first time that the state of Kentucky was allowing trainers to administer a drug called Butazolidin to competing Thoroughbreds —but was not telling the racing public which horses were getting the treatment.

Was Venetian Way a Buty horse when be won the Derby? His trainer said no, some racing experts said yes. In any event, the Kentucky experiment with Butazolidin was clearly an unfortunate—and perhaps harmful—affair (SI, June 20).

Now, surprisingly, another state —Illinois—has legalized Butazolidin. In an attempt to avoid the criticism that followed Kentucky's adventure, the Illinois Racing Board has ruled that the public must be told which horses on the program have been given the drug. Since the afternoon of July 8, at the Arlington Park track near Chicago, mimeographed lists of each day's Buty horses have been posted around the grounds for the information of bettors.

Butazolidin is described as an analgesic. It is given to horses either in capsules or in powder form mixed with their feed. It relieves stiffness and soreness, reduces inflammation and thereby minimizes pain. It has never been proved to be a stimulant, or even a tranquilizer.

Nevertheless, in the two weeks since it was legalized in Illinois, of the 407 horses that received it 124 finished in the money. Many of them were long shots (*see chart opposite*). In the first few Buty days, some alert horseplayers did indeed make quick profits. As the number of treated horses grew, however, so did the number of informed bettors, and the odds on Buty entries fell off.

Still, the remarkable reversals of form seemingly attributable to the drug brought some horseplayers to the point of joyful hysteria. One gave Butazolidin the apt name (for him) of Happy Aspirin. Another swore he saw a Buty horse "laughing all the way through the homestretch."

But the Butazolidin business is serious business. For a horse trainer, the cost of having his horse treated with the drug is less than $10. But for Thoroughbred racing as a sport, particularly one that purports to be interested in the improvement of the breed, the cost may be high if other commissions follow Illinois' example.

Why did Illinois start it?

When the board was considering giving its approval to Butazolidin, one of its members, William S. Miller, argued in its behalf: "Phenylbutazone [Butazolidin] is one of the newer drugs which has been added to the current medical armamentarium. This drug has two major types of action; it is a pain reliever, like aspirin, and it relieves the swelling of inflammation, like cortisone.

"Phenylbutazone is not classed primarily as either a depressant or a stimulant. However, in the strict or purest sense, when Phenylbutazone relieves pain, it is really depressing or reducing the ability to feel pain and in this sense might be considered to have depressant action. However, scientific and medical personnel do not classify this drug as a depressant but rather as an analgesic and anti-inflammatory agent."

Some quick results

The day after Miller made his statement (and the board approved the drug), two horses in the first race at Arlington Park, out of a field of 12, were treated with Butazolidin. Donavan, a long shot, was one of them, and Donavan won the first race and paid $91.40 for each $2 win

ARLINGTON PARK, Tuesday, July 19

RACE	NUMBER OF STARTERS	NUMBER OF STARTERS ON BUTAZOLIDIN	NAMES OF HORSES ON BUTAZOLIDIN	RESULTS AND PAYOFFS			
1	12	8	Thyminth Hanna's Doll Breakfastpick Mar De K Conga Star Cornucopia Lady Dare Silky Jane	Cornucopia Breakfastpick Thyminth	34.60	13 80 8 00	9 00 5 40 4 00
2	12	5	Peggy's Brandy Monk Shoe Associate Cape Point Simon Kenton	Simon Kenton Trader J. C. Monk Shoe	88 20	26 00 4 40	12 60 3 00 4.00
3	11	1	Sporty McGee	Volborg Sporty McGee Race Extra	29 60	13 20 9 80	5 40 4 00 2 40
4	9	2	Miss Chicago Amban	Neither in money			
5	No starters on Butazolidin						
6	6	2	Agha Alibhai Pinaza	Active Crater Agha Alibhai Piercing	5 80	3 40 4.60	2 60 2 60 2 60
7	No starters on Butazolidin						
8	8	1	Circle H	Not in money			
9	12	7	C-Stripe Le Tocsin Fleet Argo Bay Scene Ricoroma Sky Master Sal's Boots	Le Tocsin Sky Master Palos Verdes	15 40	10 20 8.80	6 40 6 60 8.00

BEST DAY for bettors playing Buty-treated horses was Tuesday, July 19, as shown in the chart above. A $2 win bet on all Buty horses involved an investment of $52, returned $132.20. In the first 14 racing days (through Saturday, July 23) after the drug was legalized in Illinois, 407 horses were treated with Butazolidin, ran in 115 races and won 44 of them. A $2 win bet on all these horses would have cost $814 and returned $806.20 for a deficit of $7.80. This represents less than a 1% loss on investment, far lower than the average horseplayer incurs without Butazolidin information.

bet. Two other winners the first day were Buty horses. On Tuesday, July 12, in the second race, there were two Buty horses—Persian Claw and Namron—again in a field of 12. Persian Claw won and paid $63.60 to win, while Namron finished second and paid $67.40 to place.

By this time, everyone in Thoroughbred racing was talking about Butazolidin, and a number of officials who had been watching and waiting were ready with considered opinions. George D. Widener, the chairman of The Jockey Club, said, "I think it is a grievous mistake to allow the use of such a preparation. It lends itself to sharp practices. That it is permitted in certain states, and that its approval nationally is being seriously considered, tends to destroy hard-won and well-deserved public confidence. It is a disservice to racing."

Ralph W. Choisser, the steward representing the Illinois Racing Board, sincerely believes the experiment is worthwhile. "We are allowing it here in Illinois for exploratory purposes. There are 180 days of racing here in Illinois. Many horses now race 11 months a year. Today tracks are much harder than they used to be and horses get 'sored' up. I believe that in the long run Butazolidin may make for more formful racing. But if horses start running hot *on it* and cold *off it*, we're not going to let them run at all."

California Owner and Breeder Rex Ellsworth says he would not stand a horse at stud whose record was tainted with Butazolidin victories. Contrarily, Bull Hancock, the Kentucky breeder whose stallions include Bold Ruler and Nashua, does not believe the drug's contribution to a horse's record would detract from his value as a stud. Eddie Arcaro is for Butazolidin's use all over the country. "There are plenty of sore horses who will be helped," he says. "But it has to be controlled, or else some people will be pulling tricks with it."

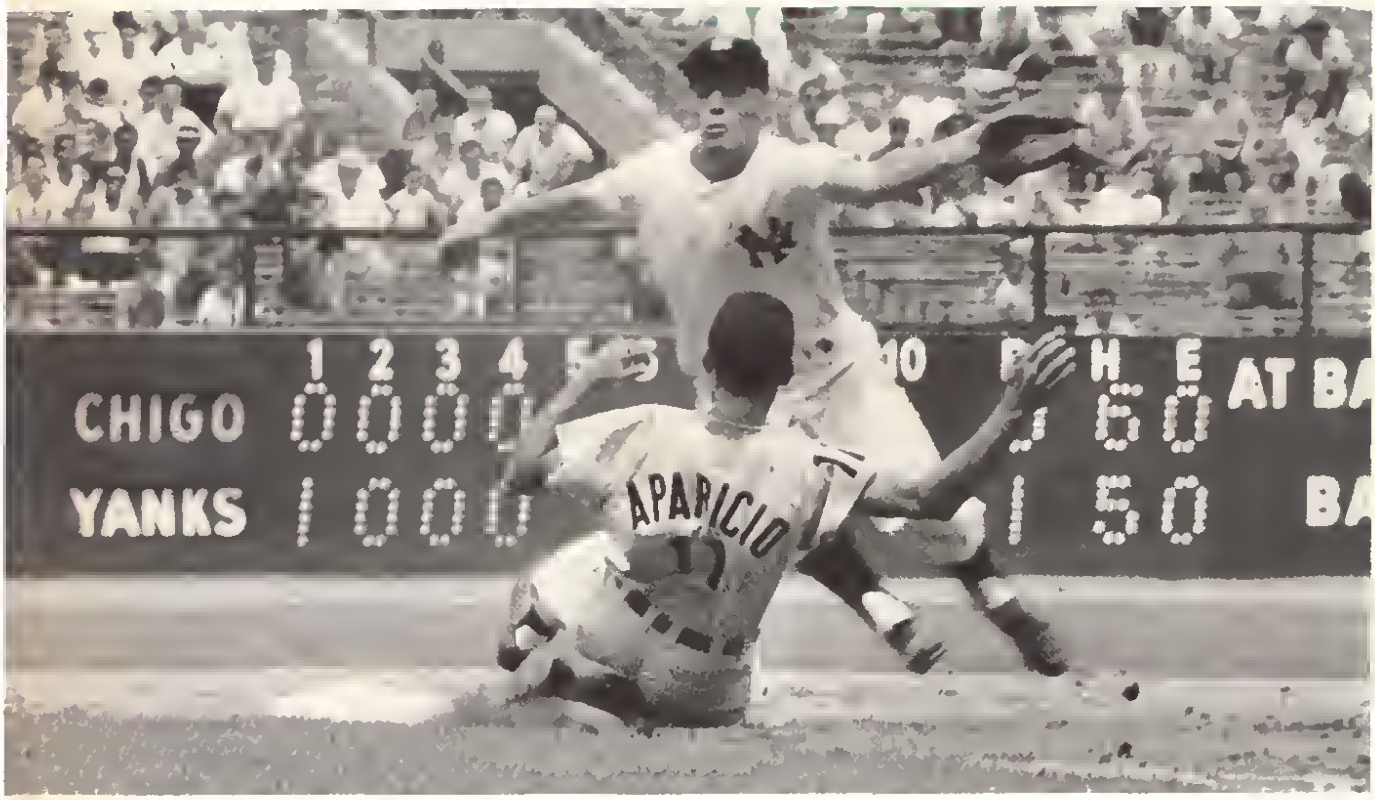
No man's opinion on the subject, perhaps, deserves greater consideration than the Calumet Farm's Jimmy Jones.

"I used it on one horse," he says. "I wanted to see if maybe it might help him, and, after all, if the rules say you can use it, then there is nothing wrong in using it. But just let me say this. The reason I used it was that I didn't want to give everyone some chance which perhaps I didn't have. But I'm against it for several reasons. First, no matter what you call a medication, in the public mind it's dope. Well, it has taken horse racing a long time to build up the public's confidence, and it shouldn't do anything to lose that confidence. The second reason is that Butazolidin is going to encourage many trainers to run horses which are definitely hurting and should be laid up for repairs instead of running. Many trainers have an idea that Butazolidin is a cure-all, a miracle medicine, and there are trainers who are going to make permanent injuries out of temporary ones. Also, I believe that all rules in racing should be standard across the country. If all the states had come out for Butazolidin at the same time, then O.K. But when Illinois came out for it alone, it creates another problem. How about horses who ship from one state to another? Say you ship a horse from a Butazolidin state where he's run a good race to a state that doesn't allow its use. What if he runs a bad race in the non-Butazolidin state? Do you think that this will inspire the public's confidence? Maybe I'm just old-fashioned and maybe I'm wrong, but I believe in the improvement of the breed of horses, and I believe that if horses can't run good enough on oats and hay then they shouldn't be running at all."

Despite the rationalizations of its advocates, the Arlington experiment indicates that the only real reason for using Butazolidin is greed: to keep horses running after purse money when they should be recuperating from whatever ails them. **END**

Photographs by Tony Triolo

GO SOX!



WITH GRACEFUL SLIDE, CHICAGO'S LUIS APARICIO, SHOWING HIS 1959 FORM, STEALS SECOND AS CLETIS BOYER TAKES LATE THROW

by WALTER BINGHAM

INTENT ON REVENGE, confident of success, the Chicago White Sox swept into New York last week to challenge the Yankees for the American League lead. For three days they poked singles over and through the Yankee infield. When throws came in high, they took an extra base. They bunted. They played hit-and-run. They forced the Yankees into errors. They won three of four games, and when they left New York they were in first place.

One month earlier the White Sox were barely breathing. They had just lost four games to the Yankees—making 19 losses in 31 games—and they had fallen into the second division.

Such sudden reversals of form are not rare in baseball, but they frequently are hard to explain. Not so in the case of Chicago. At the bottom of their dreary plunge, the White Sox suddenly lost their confidence. Then they began to win.

There is nothing mysterious about this seeming paradox. During the off season Owner Bill Veeck, seeking to strengthen the Chicago attack, had bought Washington's home run hero, Roy Sievers, and had traded for Minnie Minoso and Gene Freese, both power hitters. For the first two months of the season the Sox suffered the delusion that they could win on this purchased muscle. The corollary conviction, of course, was that they no longer needed to play the smart, savvy, something-out-of-nothing baseball that brought them the 1959 pennant.

Thus it is fair to say that Chicago's recovery began when its players finally lost confidence in the long ball as the sure route to victory. One reason for the loss was the shocking realization that Messrs. Sievers, Minoso and Freese had produced no more home runs than last year's hitless champions. Confronted with the necessity to play ball, the players made a surprising discovery—they could still do it. The team had not really sacrificed defense to get the sluggers,

STOP YANKS!



. . . BUT WHEN THE YANKS' HARD-SLIDING MICKEY MANTLE ATTEMPTS APARICIO'S ART HE IS TAGGED OUT BY LITTLE LUIS HIMSELF

as everyone believed. The statistics say the White Sox are fielding better than last year, and they are stealing more bases than any other club in the league.

The illusion of power had made the White Sox a careless team. "We were playing sloppy baseball," said Earl Torgeson last week. "We relaxed too much, waiting for someone to win the game for us with a home run. Last year we were always tight, that is, alert, careful. Runs were scarce, so we made certain we didn't give any away. We're playing that way again now."

The problem was not, of course, entirely mental. Chicago pitching was not up to expectations, and still isn't. Both Early Wynn and Bob Shaw, who between them won 40 games last year, started poorly.

"Wynn has had control trouble," said Manager Al Lopez in New York. "I don't mean he has walked a lot of batters. He's been missing with the important pitch, the 2-2 pitch for instance, and that has forced him to make the 3-2 pitch too good. He's been hit hard. Shaw has been getting the ball too high. He's a low-ball pitcher. Last year he'd go out there and simply fire the ball. This year he's thinking too much."

During the Sox' descent, Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox were not hitting and therefore were not getting on base as often as they did last year. It was said that Fox was making bad plays at second base.

"That's not quite true," said a teammate. "Nellie's never been a top fielder, but because he's always hit .350 in the spring no one mentioned his bad plays. This year he's hitting .260. That makes his fielding look worse."

Sherman Lollar, the catcher, who hit 22 home runs last year, high on the team, has hit only two this year. "That's because Sherm has been trying to hit to right," said Lopez. "He hit into a lot of double plays last year, so he's been trying to drive the ball through the right side where they give him more room."

continued on page 55

Rodeo

Fighting to hang on to his bucking bronc in Tucson's La Fiesta de los Vaqueros rodeo, Bareback Rider Tommy Smith disqualifies himself by touching mount with his free hand as pickup man maneuvers to take him off.

Photograph by Lee Friedlander









Photograph by Marvin E. Newman

Rome 1960

Center stage for the XVII Olympiad is the rebuilt 100,000-seat Stadio Olimpico, begun by Mussolini for the war-cancelled 1944 Olympics. It is situated between the slopes of Monte Mario and the Tiber.





Idaho Sleigh Ride

HIGH in the roadless mountains of Idaho's Primitive Area there is a wild stretch of water that dives and twists 113 miles through the canyons of the Salmon River Mountains. In 1937 Dr. Russell Frazier put in at its headwaters in Bear Valley, Idaho and came safely out the other end. But because the unwary can still get caught in its lethal traps, the Middle Fork, for good and gloomy reasons, is called the River of No Return. The title, fortunately, carries no terror for the people of Idaho, half of whom seem to boat on the Middle Fork during the months of July and August. Some of them, lounging majestically in varnished fishing chairs, cast for salmon and trout while their double-ended river boats slither between the rocks. Others, like these Explorer Scouts (*left*), pile into rubber rafts and go bouncing happily through the boiling rapids, upside down half the time, soaking wet the rest, and not at all concerned with No Return.

Photograph by Joern Gerdts

magnificent

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BRINGING UP THE REAR

by KENNETH RUDEEN

IN 1958, when an English Vanwall was voted the best Grand Prix car of the year, it was rather freely reported that a revolution in auto racing had taken place. Actually, at that time it hadn't—but it has now.

The Vanwall was a brilliantly engineered machine, and in its big year it proved faster and more durable than the Ferraris, Maseratis, Jaguars and other cars it basically resembled. It was not, however, of a revolutionary design, and it did not assure Britain the dramatic ascendancy in Grand Prix events that has now been attained. In race after race this season the winning names have been English—Cooper, Lotus, BRM—and to discover the reason you need look no farther than directly behind the drivers. That is where John Newton Cooper (*below*), English car builder and a long time proponent of rear-engined propulsion, has put the engine.

continued

AUTO BUILDER JOHN COOPER SITS BEHIND WHEEL OF GRAND PRIX WINNER. REAR ENGINE PERMITS LOW STREAMLINED "HOOD"



REAR ENGINE continued

A fortnight ago at the Silverstone course in Northamptonshire, England, Revolutionist Cooper tumbled upside down in the somersault he invariably performs when one of his cars wins. He might have added a couple of front and back flips and a double handspring. Of the first five finishers in the British Grand Prix, three were Coopers. In second place was a Lotus, and all five cars were rear-engined. The English sweep before 80,000 delighted spectators demonstrated on home grounds an invincibility already proved outside the country, where the English had won all five major Grand Prix tests.

Cooper, who celebrated his 37th birthday the day after the race, has been preaching rear propulsion for a good many years. With his father Charles he has built more than a thousand rear-engined racing cars —sports cars, small-engined single-seaters and, finally, the full-scale 2.5-liter Formula I Grand Prix machines. The success of this last design has placed Cooper at the very top in this highest form of road racing.

Earlier prototypes

Cooper was not, of course, the first man to think of putting the engine behind the racing driver. The rear-engined (some say mid-engined) German Auto-Union Grand Prix cars of the 1930s were among the most effective ever built, and Germany's rear-engined Porsches have distinguished themselves in postwar races for small-engined cars.

Down through the years, however, orthodox Grand Prix cars have worn their engines in front. Now, and thanks to Cooper, it is unorthodox *not* to have a rear-engined car.

At the beginning of last season Cooper's voice was still a small one and his cars were the only full-scale rear-engined models in the sport. Previously he had done some sniping in Grand Prix races, but the engines in his cars weren't large enough to match those of his competitors. Last year, however, the English Coventry Climax firm, which had been supplying his engines, turned out an adequate 2.5-liter power plant, and Cooper staggered the traditionalists by winning the world championship. He won the title for manufacturers; his No. 1 driver, Jack Brabham, took the driving championship.

The wisest of the other builders promptly scrapped their front-engined cars and shopped frantically for rear-engine designs. Those who resisted the trend, or who were tardy changing over, have found themselves up against it this year.

Two horrible examples may be cited. First, consider the Scarabs built by Lance Reventlow, son of the Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. These were the first American Grand Prix cars to be seen in Europe since 1933. Completed a year behind schedule, they appeared at the very moment front-engined cars became passé. They were the handsomest cars in racing, but unfortunately they were among the slowest, and they failed to finish their only start—the Belgian Grand Prix.

Two weeks later both of Reventlow's cars developed bearing trouble in practice for the French Grand Prix. At this he decided to write them off and build, with all possible speed, a rear-engined model. If all goes well, it will be ready in time for the U.S. Grand Prix at Riverside, Calif. on December 12.

Next, take Italy's Enzo Ferrari. The most faithful and one of the most successful postwar manufacturers, Ferrari has failed so far to get the bugs out of *his* rear-engined car and is stuck with a stable of front-engined autos. These are not badly outclassed by the best British cars, but they are measurably inferior. It took phenomenal driving by California's Phil Hill to keep one on the tail of Brabham's leading Cooper for a good part of the Belgian Grand Prix, and by both Hill and Taffy von Trips to dispute the lead with Brabham in the French race. The builders of the British Lotuses and BRMs proved to be cannier than Reventlow and Ferrari. Between seasons both makes became rear-engined and, in consequence, serious threats to the Coopers.

Cooper himself did not stand still. He further reduced in size his already small racer and replaced the old four-speed gearbox with a five-speed box. As usual Cooper fitted out the cars in his two small brick shops in Surbiton, a suburb of London, and as usual his driving aces had an important hand in their preparation. Both Brabham, the 34-year-old Australian, and Bruce McLaren, a 23-year-old New Zealander, are savvy mechanics.

In London, Cooper's greatest rival, Colin Chapman, produced a rear-engined Lotus that looks like a big cigar on wheels. All of this year's Grand Prix cars have their weird aspects, but Chapman's baby is the most bizarre. The driver's torso projects up and out of it as though he were sitting in a canoe. It is an amazingly light car, weighing only 900 pounds (to 1,000 for the Cooper), and it is powered by a Coventry Climax engine identical to the Coopers.

"We went to rear engines," Chapman says, "because they make the cars very much easier to build, they remove some handling problems, and they eliminate the power losses we were having last year."

The bulk of an engine prevents the streamlining of a front-engined car beyond a certain point. Reventlow laid the Scarab's engine on its side but still couldn't match Cooper's or Lotus' aerodynamic shape. With lower wind resistance, rear-engined cars go faster and handle better and therefore give drivers more confidence while tiring them less.

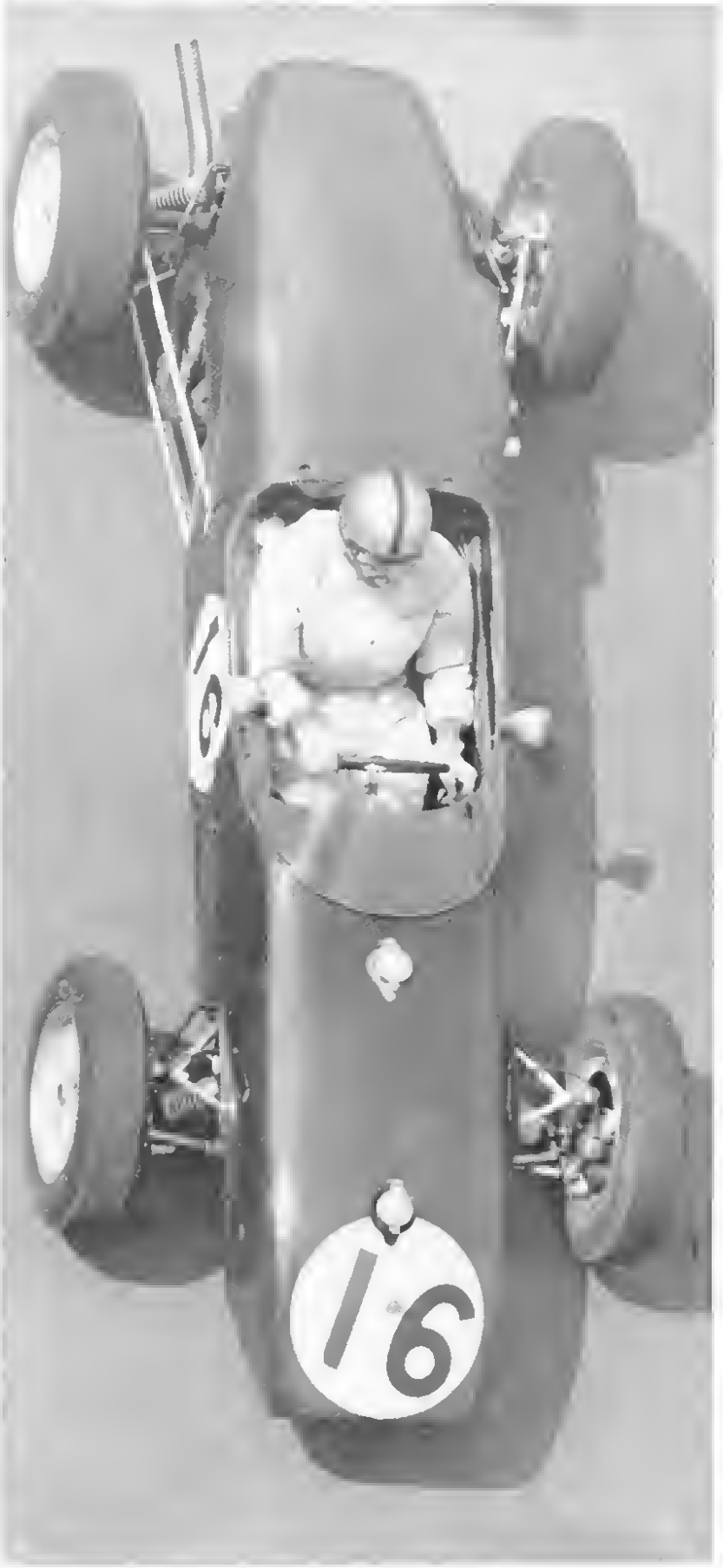
It is easier to build rear-engined cars because they need no drive train from the front. This permits a compact power and transmission package at the rear. It also permits some valuable weight saving.

Neither Cooper nor Chapman has tinkered with the engine itself.

A tight little rivalry

"Cooper and ourselves have such an intense personal rivalry that we tend to outstrip the others in our own little efforts," Chapman says. "But we don't worry a bit about using the same engine. We spend all our time on chassis design. It would put the cat in among the pigeons if either of us bought a dynamometer and started playing with the engines, too."

Over at Bourne, in Lincolnshire, the BRM people put their own 265-hp engine (the Coventry Climax yields about 240 hp) into a new chassis with a sawed-off tail, so designed to give access to a single disc brake



CIGAR-SHAPED, REAR-ENGINED LOTUS SEATS DRIVER HALFWAY OUT OF COCKPIT

serving the rear wheels. The car has been a steady victim of bad luck, but it may yet take its place alongside the Cooper.

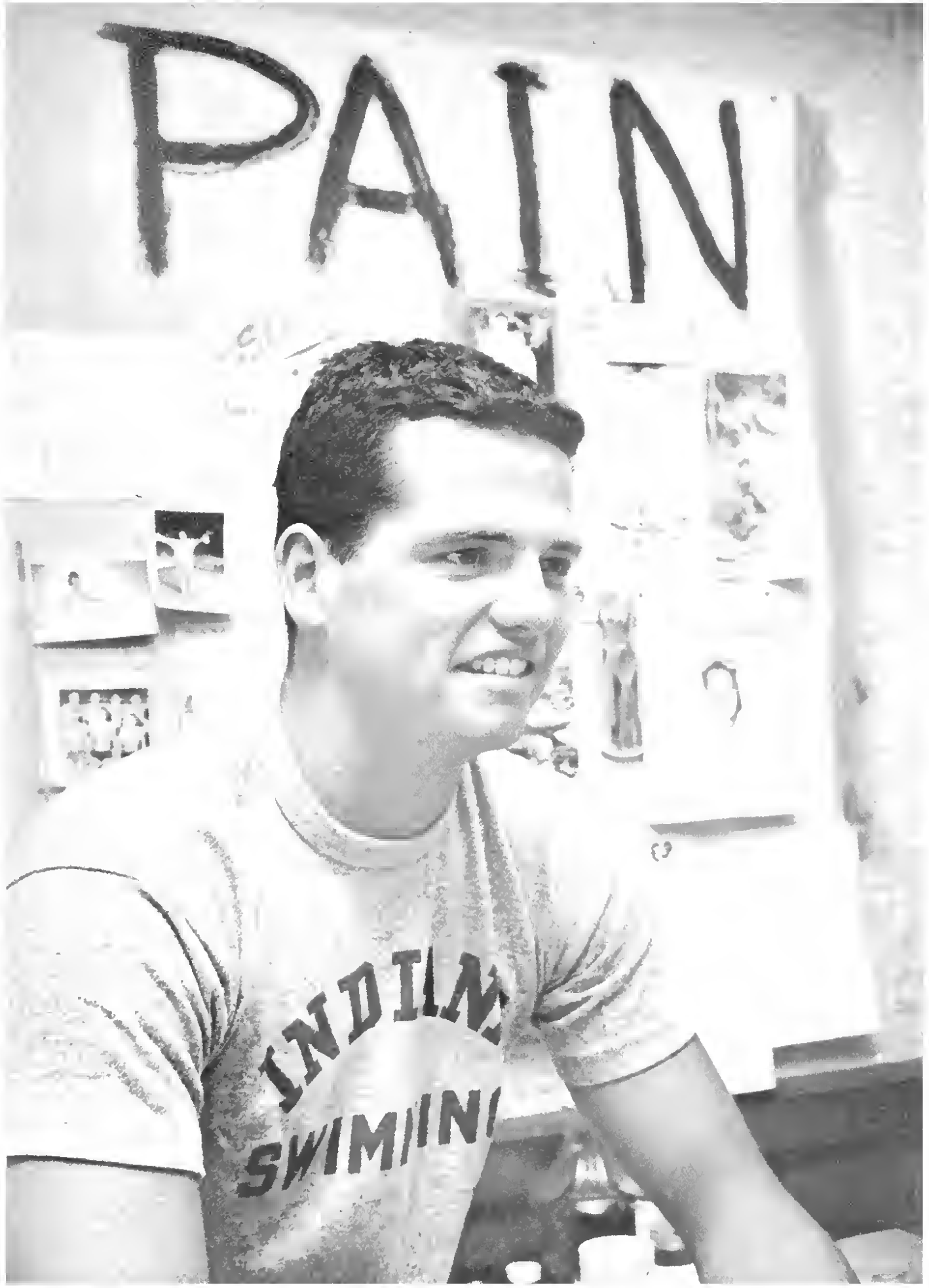
A Cooper driven by McLaren won the first race of the year, in Argentina. Then Britain's Stirling Moss sped a Lotus to victory in the Monaco Grand Prix. Next came three straight wins for Brabham's white-striped green Cooper—one of them the Belgian Grand Prix.

Britain had never had it so good. Not very long ago it would have been front-page news if any of its cars won a single international race. British Grand Prix devotees were like wistful, ragamuffin children pressing their noses against the window of a candy store they could not hope to enter.

For long, deprived years this was so, and all the king's horsepower was thinly spread out among Sunbeams and Bentleys and ERAs and the old BRMs. But two years ago British Industrialist Tony Vandervell brought out his Vanwalls, designed with a front-engined chassis by Chapman, and ended the drought. Last year, on a doctor's advice, Vandervell had to give up competing. Cooper's little rear-engined wasps moved to the forefront.

At Silverstone, a fast three-mile course laid out on the perimeter roads of an airfield 60 miles northwest of London, there was never a doubt that a British car would win. It was a question merely of which one. The answer might well have been a BRM, with Graham Hill driving. But just as he had done in the French Grand Prix two weeks earlier, Hill stalled his engine on the starting grid. He got going again and surprisingly overtook Brabham after 54 laps. But on the 72nd lap—with just five to go—the mustached, bandy-legged Hill overreached himself and spun out on a 75-mph corner. He was too eager. Brabham motored on in that relaxed way of his and took his fourth straight Grand Prix of the year.

Next year a new era begins in Grand Prix racing. The engine size drops from the 2.5 to 1.5 liters. The British expect some powerful new competition from Porsche and Borgward. The chances are, though, that John Cooper, Grand Prix racing's man of the year for 1960, will have something pretty potent himself. **END**


PAIN
INDIAN
SWIMMING

SWIM! SWIM TILL IT HURTS

—and then go on swimming. With this credo, Mike Troy has become the best butterflyer in the world and a sure bet for Rome

by RAY CAVE

PURPOSEFUL and fleet as a herd of migrating sea lions, the finest swimmers ever to represent the U.S. will converge next week on Detroit's Brennan Pools to race for positions on the U.S. Olympic team. A few of them will be aging medal winners from the 1956 Olympics: Frank McKinney, George Breen, Carin Cone. But the great strength, and possibly all of the 1960 team, is going to come from the group of youngsters which has torn swimming's record book to shreds in recent weeks.

In all this splash of newcomers, the one most likely to win an event at Detroit and go on to beat the strong Japanese and Australian swimmers at Rome is a handsome, gregarious, onetime fat boy from the University of Indiana named Michael Francis Troy.

Mike Troy eats six scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and a quart of milk for breakfast, but he isn't fat any more. He is burning every calorie in the effort to retain his recognized status as the best butterfly swimmer in the world. Troy has the shoulders of a football tackle, which he used to he. With them he powers the violent overhead thrashing that is the mark of the butterfly, that variation of the breaststroke in which the arms are brought forward out of the water and the legs kick vertically, like a dolphin's tail. The rest of his 6-foot 1½-inch, 175-pound frame tapers down from these shoulders as if streamlined by a marine engineer.

He also has what his coach, Indiana's James (Doc) Counsilman, calls "a rare intuitive feel for the water; an instinctive reaction to push back when the pressure of water is felt on the hands." At the appropriate time, Troy can turn his genial, smiling-Irishman's disposition into one of nervous determination, and he has an almost masochistic eagerness to endure against fatigue and even pain in competition.

With this combination of ability and personality, Troy has broken five American and world records in the past four months. None of his victories or records match in importance his Olympic trial race next week. There is only one Olympic butterfly event, the 200-meter, and only two Americans can qualify. Troy has worked for two self-sacrificing years to be one of them.

The locale of this summer's preparation has been the 50-year-old Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house near the Indiana campus at Bloomington. This also happens to be Troy's fraternity. The house has been rented for eight weeks to 20 swimmers who are there for special training under Counsilman.

Some are members of the IU swimming team, one of the finest in the country. These include 1956 Olympian McKinney, whose backstroke eminence is being challenged by a whole poolful of his juniors. (One is an 18-year-old future IU swimmer named Tom Stock, who is also training with Counsilman.) Another Indianan is Alan Somers, holder of two American freestyle records. Swimming each day in friendly competition with Somers is Breen, who is hoping to improve his 1956 bronze medal performance. They are the best U.S. distance freestylers. They will he joined at Detroit by Lieut. (JG) Jeff Farrell, the U.S.'s best freestyle sprinter. Two of the country's better breaststroke swimmers, Ken Nakasone and Chet Jastremski, are also in Counsilman's crew.

Mike Troy knows that a Californian named Lance Larson or any one of half a dozen others can beat him if he makes one false stroke. Thus tension runs high at the Phi Kappa Psi house as the trials approach. Troy's room, a cluttered, third-floor cubicle, has its symbols of the tension as well as the usual memorabilia of a college junior. Pinned to a bulletin board are a photograph of a pretty girl in a bathing suit, stubs from the Indianapolis "500," phone numbers, addresses and even a dangling nylon stocking.

But all this is mere camouflage on what might be called the Wall of Troy. What really matters to him are the battle insignia: a sign reading "The Olympic Games begin August 25. Be there"; a list showing the best times of the world's five fastest butterflyers; a chart of his own best times; and above everything on the board, in garish, black letters a foot high, the word: PAIN. "That reminds me to swim until it hurts," Troy says, "and then swim some more."

Doc Counsilman gives Troy and his training mates plenty of opportunity to test such a credo. He has them on a regimen that would demoralize a monk. They awake each morning at 6 a.m. to the clanging of a bell which the souvenir-hunting Indiana team stole from Yale. "You want to train, but you dread that morning workout," says Troy. "I lie in bed and I hope that somehow they'll forget me. They never do. Lots of guys sleep in swimsuits so they can stay in bed

continued

Photograph by Art Shay

BEFORE BATTLE SIGNS on the bulletin board in his room, Troy wears a toothy grin that sometimes verges on a sneer.

longer. Sometimes they go three days without taking them off."

The swimmers meet Counsilman at Bloomington's Bryan Park pool. If they are not there by 6:30, he leaves. "If they won't work, why should I?" he says.

Despite this edict, Counsilman has a pie-in-the-face sense of humor that helps him get the most from his teams. He is also, apparently, a friend of each swimmer. "If I have to make them hate me to win, I'll quit," he says, and though his swimmers complain more than a company of draftees taking infantry training, they like him. Troy says: "He's the greatest."

"Doc's automatic starter"

Counsilman, who recently fell into a pool—clothes, stop watches and all—while clowning with his boys, started a typical training session the other day by putting his foot firmly on Troy's backside, and pushing him into the pool. ("We call that Doc's automatic starter," Troy explained later.) Then began two hours of intensive swimming in what Counsilman calls "interval" training. The swimmers go for short distances, 50 to 200 meters, at paces that approximate racing times. Then they rest for about half a minute and go again. In some of these sprints only the arms are used, in others only the legs. It is an exhausting process.

For three days of the week the team has three such workouts. On the other four days, only two workouts. When the public pool isn't available, a nearby flooded limestone quarry is used, and the best swimmers in the country train like so many Huck Finns around the ol' swimmin' hole.

At 7 p.m. the boys return to the house after the last workout. "You're so tired you feel like a blown-up balloon," says Troy. "If somebody stuck you with a pin, you'd pop."

Troy fixes his own dinner at the fraternity house and is proud of his cooking. "If you marry a girl who can't cook, she's either dumb or lazy," he says. He has a small steak or two, rice, a tossed salad big enough to awe a vegetarian—half a head of lettuce, two tomatoes, celery, but rarely any dressing; all heaped in a foot-wide bowl. He tops this off with a pre-bedtime trip to a soda fountain for a milk shake. This is Troy's big splurge. "The guys call me 'Chubby' and 'Fats,'" he says. "I'm not either one any more, but I have to watch my weight."

Because of the stiff training, Troy rarely dates (once in the last three months) or sees a movie and almost never spends a night at home in Indianapolis. What about that nylon stocking? "To tell you the honest truth," he says, "I found it in the room when I moved in last fall. Sexy, isn't it?"

Like all IU swimmers, Troy keeps a record book of what he does at each day's workout. It is supposed to be solely statistical, but significant marginal notes creep in:

Dec. 7—Doc says I am getting fatter. Nothing but encouragement! Weight: 179.

Dec. 9—32 push-ups. My best. Weight: 174.

Dec. 24—Pull 440. Kick 440. Swim 440. Christmas Eve. Joy to the world.

Feb. 8—This is the day I was supposed to break 2:00. I didn't, naturally.

April 25—I am gaining weight. 180. I must concentrate on my diet.

June 6—Felt weak. I think I am worrying too much.

June 11—Doc went to Indianapolis. We were supposed to work out. Just played around instead. What a wasted day.

July 3—The good Doctor walked out on us because we were dickering around.

July 10—At Evansville. Doc told me to go all out. To keep my head in position and not drop it. I did, but the last 25 [meters] burt like hell. I was very tempted to drop my head. Did 2:15.0.

Left unmentioned by Troy: 2:15.0 was a new world's record for the 200 meters, outdoors.

Implicit in much that Troy says, as well as in the comments in the workout log, is his desire for this concentrated effort to end. The newest sign on his bulletin board reads: "Thirty days of pain remain."

Troy has reached this point in his athletic career by first surprising himself with his ability and then deciding to take advantage of it. The son of an Indianapolis coal dealer, he was 3 when his father died. His mother—Helen of Troy, he calls her—raised him and his older brother by working as a secretary.

"When I was 12," Mike said to his dinner host recently, while looking with zest at a haddock fillet, "there was only one word to describe me—fat. I was 5 feet 5 inches and weighed 175. That year I started swimming at an Indianapolis public pool. We had a team that swam against other city pools and I got on it, just to kid around, really. I didn't want to race. But our coach said race or quit.

"My first race I finished second. What a surprise! I won a red ribbon. There's never been a redder ribbon. It was my biggest thrill. Then I found out you could win medals, too. It seemed like a real deal. I've been at it ever since."

"His kick was lousy"

Within three years Troy was the best young swimmer in swim-struck Indianapolis. His speed brought him what amounted to an athletic scholarship to the exclusive up-tone downtown Indianapolis Athletic Club. "I can't afford a Coke there," he observed, "but the swimming is great."

It was at the IAC in the spring of 1958 that Troy met Counsilman, then in his first year at Indiana.

"Troy had beautiful form with his arm pull," Counsilman recalls, "but his arms were weak and his kick was lousy. These were simply mechanics, and easily fixed. What he really had was a feel for the water, plus desire. He'd turn red, white and blue for you. He had been swimming freestyle, not butterfly, but we soon changed that."

"I remember that," Mike said, across his dinner. "I didn't much like the butterfly. Doc gave me a calisthenic program to strengthen my

continued

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

THIS TANNED QUINTET of top competitors (*opposite*) is sure to win a number of events in the U.S. Olympic trials that begin next Tuesday in Detroit. The three blonde teen-agers in the foreground are (*from left*) Becky Collins, national butterfly champion; Carin Cone, backstroke winner at the Pan American Games last summer; and Chris von Saltza, America's best woman freestyler. At top are butterflyer Mike Troy and Frank McKinney, 1959 Pan American backstroke champion.





FEMININE VICTORIES for the U.S. in the Olympic Games are likely to be produced by this trio of youthful record breakers. Ann Warner *(above)*, 15, in the breaststroke, Carin Cone *(below)*, 20, in backstroke, and Becky Collins *(opposite)*, 16, in butterfly





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arms. Exercises I could do just once two years ago, I can do 40 times today. He straightened out my kick and he taught me how to breathe."

In three months Troy was able to win his first major butterfly race, the 100-meter in the 1958 men's nationals. He also finished third in the 200-meter and decided he could make the Olympic team in 1960. "Since then," he said, "everything else has been secondary."

Troy dipped a spoon into the whipped-cream-covered frozen éclair (a replacement for the habitual milk shake) that had followed the haddock, and considered his future.

"I made a quick jump to the top," he said. "It was great. But once you're there, there's no place to be but first. So every day I'm busting my brains out to stay there. When I race I almost kill myself.

"Still, you don't stay on top in swimming very long. You break a record and you say to yourself, 'Wonderful. That's it.' Then everybody who thought the time you made was impossible sees it isn't, and they do it, too.

"So you have to break another record, and then the other guys do it, too. Pretty soon you can't go any faster, can't break any more records. But there's always one fellow around with enough desire to be on top, to be known, just as you already are. Eventually, he beats you.

"I might meet that fellow in Detroit or Rome, though I hope not. But I can tell you one thing. If I do go to the Olympics, then no matter what happens, the major part of my swimming life is over."

The frozen éclair was almost gone now. Troy thought about all the long, pain-filled practice sessions in a dozen different pools. "It's sure been worthwhile," he said. "I'm getting a college education I wouldn't otherwise have had. I've traveled all over the country—Miami, Los Angeles, Dallas, New York. I've been to Japan, to Hawaii, now maybe Rome. I've met some great guys. I've learned what it means to win, and to lose."

Then, tilting the éclair dish to get at the last drops of the chocolate syrup, he laughed. There was one final benefit to be listed. "If it weren't for swimming," he said, "oh, brother, would I be fat!" **END**





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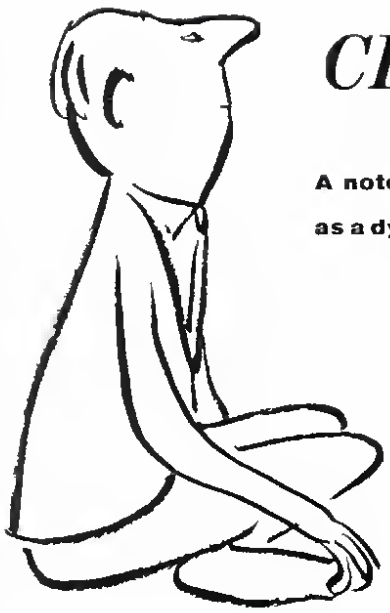
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HOW TO CROOKSHANK



A noted humorist urges competitive apathy as a dynamic answer to that old tired feeling



by ROGER PRICE

THERE HAS BEEN, for some time now, a growing need for a national sport that Americans can actively participate in, not just watch or read about; and Crookshank fills that need. The average American can play Crookshank in his own home without having to invest hundreds of dollars in lessons or specialized equipment. Neither size, agility, large muscles nor so-called natural aptitude are of benefit to the Crookshank player.

What is Crookshank? It has been described as checkers played without using a board or men. (An intellectual variation sometimes played by Princeton undergraduates has been described as chess played without using a board *or* men.) Personally, though, I feel that Crookshank is more like watching *Gunsmoke* without a TV set. It may be played by any number, and it requires no equipment and has no rules. The players involved merely make themselves comfortable—any place—and the one who can remain the longest without saying anything or changing his position is the winner. He is said to have "crookshanked" his opponent.

Crookshank had its origin in the ancient culture of the Cbakuku Indians, who were, at one time, unwanted allies of the Cherokee nation. The Chakukus had two forms of sport which they played simultaneously. This double game was played by two teams of nine men each. A member of one team would take a heavy stick, or "batte," and attempt to strike a rawhide pellet, or "bol," which was thrown toward him by a member of the opposing team. If successful in hitting the bol, he would run around the four-cornered playing field, touching each corner in succession. The other part of this Chakuku game was played by members of the team who were waiting their turn at batte. While waiting, they would sit on the ground doing nothing. From this primitive beginning comes the game of Crookshank. The word itself is supposedly based on the squatting position the Chakukus used for sitting—*i.e., oogally olla tando*, or, "with crooked leg (or shank)."

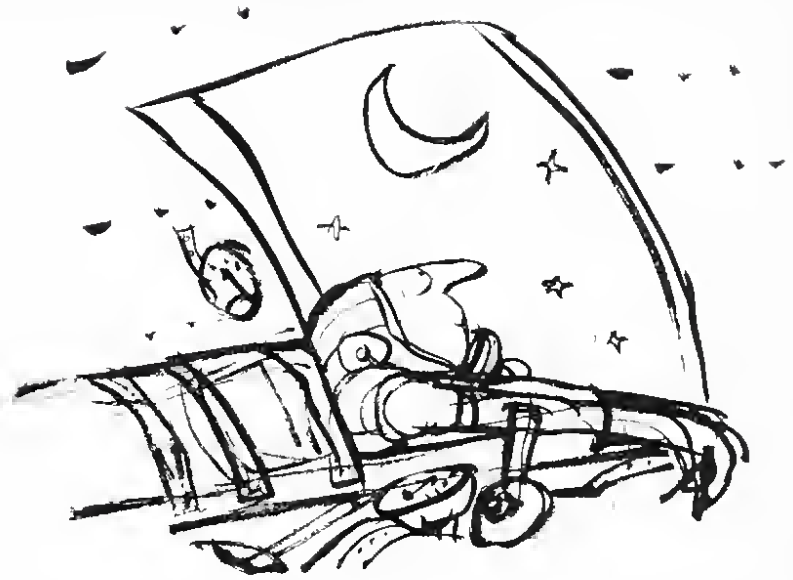
Today, of course, Crookshank resembles only in its *esprit* the crude recreation practiced by the Chakukus. And, most important, Crookshank is a sport which relates to the age we live in. Its techniques have practical value in our daily lives. At this moment, the Air Force is testing our future warriors, the men who will man satellites and, eventually, our space ships. How do they do it? They lock them in a six-by-four-foot airtight box, and anyone who so much as drums his fingers at the end of two weeks is inadequate. The fighting men of 1975 will spend months inside similar cubicles and emerge as happy as tortoises. Should these men be taught to Hit the Line? To Rush the Net? To Belt One out of the Park? Of course not. Crookshank is their game. I firmly believe that someday men will say, "The Battle of Mars was won on the Crookshank Fields

of America!" Farfetched? Not at all.

Sports originated as facsimiles of real-life situations, right? Their purpose was to prepare young men for the careers open to them, right? In the 11th century, jousting, foot racing, fencing, wrestling and archery developed the skills and stamina needed by prospective warriors, hunters, salesmen (dickering was more intense in those days), Don Juans, regicides or poachers. Today, however, our conventional sports have outlived their usefulness. They no longer have any relation to real life. Crookshank does. Crookshank gives us all a chance to get in the game. Crookshank tones down the system, lowers the metabolism and dampens the reflexes. It gives the novice a grasp of the science of inertia and a sense of disciplined lethargy that will be invaluable when he is faced with many of the challenges of modern living.

For instance, suppose you are spending a typical social evening with a group of friends. Suddenly the picture goes out of focus and begins to slide vertically across the tube. Changing channels with the remote-control switch doesn't help. When pistol shots are heard on the sound track, it becomes apparent that someone must get up and struggle across the darkened room—avoiding, if possible, the hazards of coffee tables, lamps and other viewers—and make the tricky adjustments on the set: turn that little knob in the center to the left, and then quickly back to the right. Are you the one who makes the effort? Do you usually lose the battle of wills? If so, Crookshank will strengthen your apathy and teach you the secrets of autostupefaction.

Drawings by Roy McKie



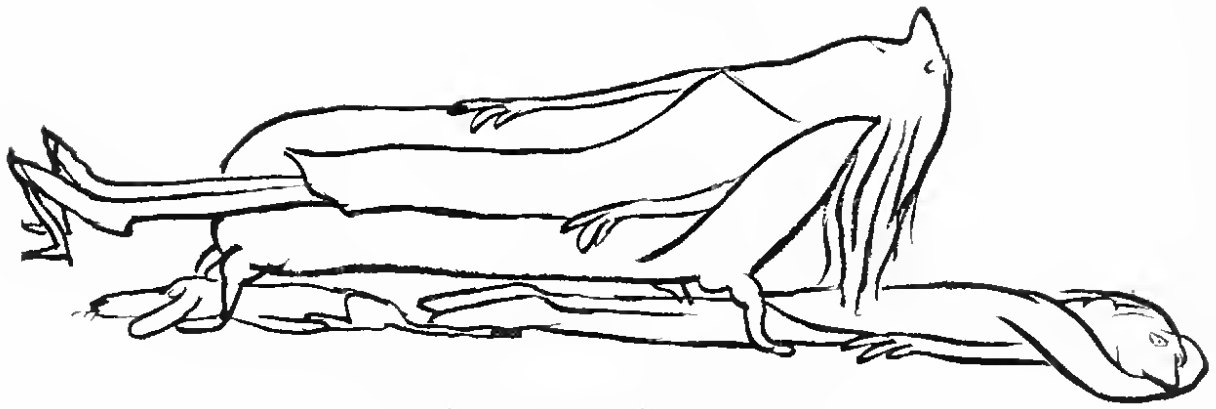
"Should these men be taught to Hit the Line?"

Crookshank is easily learned. An excellent example of the new, or Eastern Style Crookshank, was revealed during the Middle Atlantic semifinals last year, in the strategy and form used by Seymour J. (Stonewall) Fisher in his spectacular defeat of Gordon (The Log) Webber. The match began with a brief opening flurry, during which Fisher attempted to feel out his opponent by scratching twice on the first day. Webber cleverly concealed his tactics, and the contest settled down to a duel of personalities. The players seemed equally matched, and the crowd could sense the torpor mounting hourly. The first break came quickly (46 hours later), when Webber began to breathe perceptibly.

It was obvious that the end was in sight when, on the following Thursday, Webber cleared his throat. Within the week, Webber resigned. (Fisher, incidentally, went on to win the finals from O. S. (Turtle) Pennington in one of the longest and most stagnant matches on record. During the fourth week Fisher showed signs of cracking, and his handlers were prepared to throw in the washrag, but at the last moment Pennington was disqualified on a technicality when it was discovered that he was dead.)

Currently, the Board of Governors of the NCA is studying plans for tightening the rules regarding bodily contact during mixed doubles. By 1962 a year-end Bowl Game should be a reality, and negotiations are under way with a tranquilizing drug company interested in sponsoring weekly matches on television.

continued



" . . . regarding bodily contact in mixed doubles. . . ."



Leonard Balish, of New York City, saw this picture just 60 seconds after he took it with his Polaroid Land Camera.



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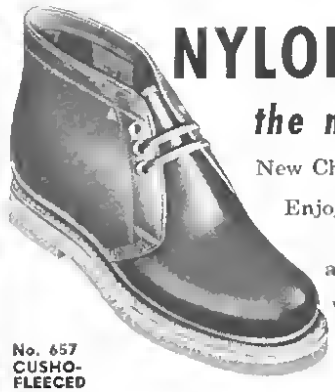


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If you're interested in Crookshank, why not form a practice club in your neighborhood? You don't need any other members, just yourself. Not only will Crookshank provide you with many an evening, or a weekend, of relaxation and entertainment, it will also get you in shape to compete in any of the dozens of situations that come up daily. Crookshank training will give you the nonauthoritarian, outer-directed, unnoticeable type of personality that means success in the business world. It will enable you to commute better. You will be able to listen to reports at sales meetings or to after-dinner speeches. If you're engaged in any phase of labor management relations you will be able to negotiate (the State Department has already made Crookshank a required sport for all diplomatic trainees) or go on strike with more facility. You will be able to cope with opera, your wife, traffic, as well as beatnik poems, political arguments and, should the occasion arise, a protracted stay in a bomb shelter.

But, best of all, you will no longer feel guilty about wasting your leisure time loafing. You will have the satisfaction that comes with knowing how to do something well, with feeling that, at last, you are On the Team.

So get off the bench! *Get out there in the field and collapse.* **END**



'n I laughed
when he offered
me a lift . . .





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America's version of the Tour de France stops traffic but provides an Olympic team

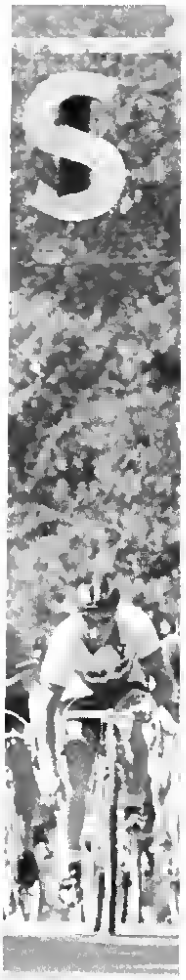
THE major race of the U.S. cycling Olympic trials began last weekend as the biggest road jam in the history of New York's Central Park, and ended as the most exciting sporting event ever held in that oasis of metropolitan greenery.

There was a jolting 45-mile-per-hour smashup on a downhill S curve two minutes after the 120-man field had crowded its way past the starting line. There was a four-hour battle for sustenance as the racers sucked on sugar cubes soaked in crème de menthe, snatched plastic bottles filled with everything from German beer to orange juice from obliging trainers on the roadside, and even dined alfresco on lamb chops and cottage cheese. And there was the climactic half minute when six sprinting riders, fighting for four places on the Olympic team, swarmed to the finish line in a single second.

"Like I told ya," shouted a man who had been praising cycle racing to a skeptical friend, "ya can go to Aqueduct for a month and ya ain't going to see a finish like that."

The winner was Robert Tetzlaff, 24, a blond, blue-eyed UCLA graduate who now races for the U.S. Army. For five months he had been training with his Army teammate George Koenig, 24, a Stanford architecture graduate who is known as cycling's bridesmaid. Koenig missed qualifying for the 1956 Olympic team by a single place in a trial event and the same thing happened to him at the 1959 Pan American Games trials. But Sunday, Koenig finished fourth, qualifying at last. Second was Wes Chowen, a string bean 19-year-old from Woodland Hills, Calif., and third was Billy Freund, 19, from Detroit.

For Tetzlaff, victory came as no surprise. The day before he had been sitting on the grass of Central Park, irritated that 120 pedalers had been allowed to enter the 112½-mile trials race. "They're here to fall down in front of good cyclists," he said. "To win, I'll not only have to be strong, I'll have to be lucky. I know I'll sprint well at the end, if I don't get tied up before then."



Photographs by Kim Massie



MASSED FIELD of 120 cyclists crossed the starting line (*opposite*), but only 13 finished the 112½-mile event. High-speed spill (*above*) eliminated fallen racer at right, but No. 107 remounted and went on.

Sitting with him was Koenig, explaining how important it is for a cycle racer not to be forced to lead but to tuck in at the rear of a pack letting front runners break the wind. "But if a man in front should fall and there's a jam-up, your race is over," he said. In a 120-man field the risk of laying back can be extreme.

On race morning the New York City police stopped all traffic through Central Park for the first time in 103 years. "We're legal at last," whispered a member of the race committee. "Every Sunday we come out here and race 25 or 50 miles. It's illegal. We're sporting bootleggers. We come between 6:30 and 8 a.m. while the cops are changing shifts. It's a secret, kind-of. But look at today. Five hundred cops, all on our side."

By 9 a.m. the contestants were warming up and their families were taking choice positions along the roadway. Among them was Koenig's wife, Paulette, a handlebar-high brunette who was doubling as his trainer. She had given him a typical racer's breakfast: "tiger's milk" ("a horrid concoction of brewer's yeast, orange juice and milk"), broiled liver, boiled eggs and hot cereal. Under her arm was a cloth bag filled with lunch: a partially peeled banana, plum, nectarine, oatmeal cookie and fig newton. Her job was to hook the strap of the bag on her husband's outstretched arm as he whipped by at 40 mph looking hungry. "What a way to serve a meal," she said.

Tetzlaff and Koenig followed a racing strategy developed the day before. "The field will move in packs of 50, first fast, then slow like swarming locusts," Koenig had said. "We'll stay in the first pack unless a sprinter gets too far ahead."

For 15 of the 18 laps they stayed in the first pack. "By then a sprinter had taken a long lead," said Tetzlaff later. "I tried to get the pack to chase him. They were very uncooperative [cooperation on chasing sprinters is one of cycling's strange tenets], so a few of us took off alone."

By the end of the 16th lap Tetzlaff had passed the leader. Koenig and the others soon joined him to make up the group of six. For four miles they jockeyed for position. Then, in the final 100 yards, Tetzlaff passed Chowen to win. Sound strategy and strong legs had brought victory.

The day before, in a 60-mile two-man team event, another pair of California friends also made the Olympic squad. They were Mike Hiltner and Lars Zebroski, both 19, whose latest address was a house they shared for four months on Half Moon Bay near San Francisco while they trained on that area's steep hills.

Hiltner, who only rides, eats and sleeps, will be the one U.S. cycler with any chance to beat the Europeans, but the team is still the best we have ever had for an Olympics.

It will have nice traveling company, too. "We're going to Rome," shouted Paulette Koenig as her husband crossed the finish line. Tears streamed down her face. "A bicycle," she added, "must be the hardest way there is to get there." **END**

One of a series of advertisements written by men who know boats best



Two-time Gold Cup winner Bill Muncey started racing and building plywood outboards at 14.

Plywood meets the challenge of speed

By BILL MUNCEY

MISS THRIFTWAY and I have rocked, roared, and skidded well over 1,250 miles in unlimited hydroplane competition—and my heart's been in my mouth all the way.

It must be just as exciting to watch, too. Last year's Gold Cup Race in Seattle drew the biggest single crowd in the history of sports: over half a million spectators jamming the three-mile Lake Washington course.

But it's more than just a spectacle. It has its practical side, too. Lessons learned on the course are as important to proving pleasure boat materials and construction as the Indianapolis Speedway *is* to upgrading the safety and performance of your family car.

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Few people really understand just how strong plywood is. Pound for pound, it's stronger than steel. And plywood *keeps* its strength; it doesn't turn brittle with age or vibration. Nor is it affected by ultra violet light, electrolysis or corrosion. And plywood has fantastic shock resistance; it "gives" rather than breaks under strains or impact.

In this connection, I can speak pretty well from experience. In the 1958 Gold Cup, Miss Thriftway's controls jammed and we crashed full-bore into a 40-foot Coast Guard patrol boat guarding the south turn. The steel cutter went down, nearly demolished. But Thrifty—bless her plywood hull!—came up with relatively minor damage. Five feet of the bow was smashed, but otherwise she was in pretty good shape.

That's a risky way to learn how well a boat's put together, but I'm still dodging rooster tails, thanks to the strength of plywood construction.

And thanks, too, to the experience gained through years of racing competition, you can be sure your cruiser or runabout is a better and safer boat built of plywood.

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Bill Muncey and Miss Thriftway in action in 1959 Gold Cup Race


U-60
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PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HAMILL

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The Electronics Industry—Who's going to be making money in the '60s?

FORTUNE, *August*

Has the American family fallen out of love?—A deep concern for the country's future has moved Harry Golden to argue for a kind of love that is disappearing in American families today.

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS, *August*

The Search For Identity—by Helen Lynd. This well-known sociologist explores the problems of college students trying to find themselves in the complexities of modern society.

MADEMOISELLE, *August*

The New Hearth of the Home—As a substitute for the missing fireplace, music-making equipment is now a focal point of family activity. Seven examples of the New Hearth are shown.

LIVING FOR YOUNG HOMEMAKERS, *August*

Photo-Essays in Color—on Benjamin Franklin, colonial statesman and diplomat; Cooking for Teen-Agers; Novel Architecture of Summer Olympics; Art Museums' Latest Purchases—and the latest news in pictures of the 1960 candidates, their campaigns, their chances.

LIFE, *August*

Typewriters in the Kitchen—by Gerald Walker. Aware of the growing influence of women in our national literature, Cosmopolitan features an article on the great upsurge of women writers. "Typewriters in the Kitchen" tells how Jean Kerr, Phyllis McGinley, and other best selling authoresses combine writing and housekeeping. COSMOPOLITAN, *August*

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BOXING / *Gilbert Rogin*

Heavyweight in waiting

By knocking out Zora Folley, Sonny Liston clearly earned a shot at the title but he has little reason to expect he will get it soon

WHEN Sonny Liston left the high white ring in Denver last week after knocking out Zora Folley, he strolled arm in arm with a cop to his dressing room as though he were taking a turn by the sea—and in a way he was. A sea, or at least a surf, of hands washed against him. They reached out to touch his robe as he passed, to hold for a moment his great dark fist, to get an autograph on a ticket stub or matchbook cover. A young man, one of 9,252 in the Coliseum, pounded Liston on the back. His hand flew up in pain and astonishment. "Jeez," he said. "He's hard." As Folley had found, early on.

The fight had started with an ominous ringside sally. "Let's go home early, Sonny," a man shouted to Liston before the first bell. Beneath his terry-cloth carapace, Liston smiled down indulgently. His heroic forearms rested on the ropes, and he looked, up there, like a captain on the bridge of his ship. Yet, in the first round, Liston did not assert his command. Folley, whose trunks were the color of liverwurst and tailored by his manager's shirtmaker, won it with a scholastic display of counterpunching. Liston stalked him but kept his distance, except for an occasional jab. Folley, in slow retreat, hit him with at least seven smart rights to the head and some classic one-two's which were, alas, more famous in their execution than their intensity. It looked, in those early minutes, as though the cautious, earnest boxer could, indeed, hold off the big hitter. This was, however, a premature, illogical conclusion; as they say, artillery is the logic of kings. In the second round, Liston's corner told their man to crowd Folley. So he bulled him into the ropes, and with slow, prodigious, alternating blows, dropping like John Henry's hammer, turned him this way and that before felling him with a right hook high on his fine, ascetic head. Folley crashed face down.

There followed a rally of splendid courage. There is one kind of cowardice, but many kinds of bravery. Folley's was not dumb or enduring or desperate, although, ultimately, it was folly. He advanced with the certitude of the blind until he found Liston in the center of the ring. Then he confidently stood his ground, implacably firing accurate rights and lefts from his stately, distant stance (picture a man looking through a spy

continued



A MIGHTY LEFT rakes Folley before first knockdown, gently cradles fan Bobo Nagy, 3 (*below*), in postfight press conference.



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glass on a pitching deck). Liston hunched down, cowering behind his massive forearms, and waited. The punches flew off him the way bullets ricochet off Superman's red, white and blue chest. Finally, Liston shrugged open his arms and spilled Folley on his face with another ponderous right. The count again reached nine, and Zora was scrambling up when the bell ended the round. He was only on his feet for 18 seconds of the third. At that point another cumbrous right landed and he pitched forward as before. He did not get up. It was Liston's ninth straight knockout, his 21st in 31 fights. He has lost only once.

"My plan was to box him," Folley said later. "I didn't. I thought I could knock him out." "I figured he'd run," said Liston. "In that second round, though, he was throwing them all good. I think he hits the target better than Patterson."

Thighs like silos

Liston, of course, is Patterson's No. 1 challenger. How good is he? His body is so awesome—arms like fence posts, thighs like silos—it is reassuring to hear him speak and not utter some terrible atavistic growl. A little over 6 feet, he weighed 215½ pounds for Folley, 3½ more than in his last fight. This, he said, was deliberate. He figured he might have to go the full 12 rounds and (quaint notion!) carried the extra pounds as one would carry additional provisions.

Liston is not a quick hitter, nor is he particularly nifty on his feet. "Patterson will outspeed him," Folley said, and no doubt he will. Liston is not a clumsy man, however. He has the little moves and deceits of natural fighters—actions and reactions which cannot be learned or mimicked. Marciano, for instance, never had them. And he knows what he's up to: "Folley started to respect my left, so I faked with the left and threw the right."

Liston can be hit, which is true of every heavyweight, and though, eerily, he was neither out of breath nor sweating at the end, he must be mortal. He seemed, with Folley at any rate, to be indifferent defensively. His defense is the gate-crossing of arms *à la* Archie Moore, but he trusts too much to the toughness of his head. Against Patterson this could be catastrophic. Folley also failed to hit Liston in the body with any consistency, a technique which might have slowed him up, much as Patterson slowed Johansson, tenderizing him like a cube steak. It also is not demonstrated how Liston would behave if forced to give ground.

But can he hit! There is power in both his left and his right, even though the fists move with the languor of motoring royalty or as if passing through a gaseous envelope more dense than air. By knocking Folley out, Liston reduced the number of deserving contenders for Floyd Patterson's title by one-third. Remaining are Liston and Johansson, whose privilege is more contractual than logical. Patterson's first obligation, properly, is to conclude his protracted series with Johansson, apparently in Los Angeles on November 1. Will he then meet Liston? Probably not, although Floyd, a man of his word, has insisted he is willing to fight him.

While in Europe on an exhibition tour next month, Floyd and his unlicensed manager plenipotentiary, Cus D'Amato, expect to have a meeting with Harry (The Hoarse) Levene, the London promoter, to try to make a Patterson-Cooper fight. Henry Cooper is a bright lad with a proper left, who trains above a public house called the Thomas à Becket. He is at present ranked No. 5. "As a result of Liston's quick victory over Folley there is a tremendous publicity campaign for him," D'Amato grumbled the other day, as though publicity were something that blew off a swamp. "But I haven't forgotten that Cooper beat Folley two years ago." (Like other great men, D'Amato has a knack for reshaping history to his purposes. Johansson knocked out Cooper three years ago.)

Liston has a sense of history and design, too. In the dressing room after the fight, the photographers asked him to pose with his corner. His seconds cheerfully held up their hands, circling thumbs and forefingers as if shilling for Ballantine. Liston stopped everything, flourished a Churchillian V and instructed his seconds to do the same.

The following day it was announced he will fight Eddie Machen, the No. 4 heavyweight, in Seattle on September 7. A man can't just sit around cooling his 14-inch fists. **END**

FITNESS / *Bonnie Prudden*

Ready to roll

The fifth month is an adventurous one in the life of a baby. He will discover for himself, as 5-month-old René Pouteau (*below*) is doing, that he can turn over, move around on his own and generally take a more active part in the life that surrounds him. It is from this age on that the baby begins to put his muscles, strengthened by earlier exercises (SI, May 2 *et seq.*), to more purposeful use. These exercises are designed to guide the 5-month-old toward his next important goals of rolling and crawling and, in the weeks to come, sitting and standing.



1 **BACK ARCH** stretches baby's chest, shoulder muscles, allows lungs to expand. Hold baby's arms, and *gently* raise his chest off floor. Hold five seconds, then lower. Do three times.

Suzanne Szasz



2 **ELBOW STAND** strengthens shoulder and arm muscles. Arrange baby's arms so he rests on elbows, grasp hips and raise entire body. Hold a few seconds, lower. Do three times.



3 **HALF ROLL** helps prepare baby for big moment when he will turn over on his own. Let baby grip your finger. Pull baby onto side, then let him roll back. Do three each side.

4 **CHINNING** tests as well as strengthens baby's arm and neck muscles. Secure baby's grip on your fingers and pull up *gently*. Baby will help chin himself. Repeat three times.



5 **FOOT AND LEG** stretch aids strong, flexible feet and ankles. Hold baby's leg firmly. *Gently* push ball of foot upward to full stretch, then push instep down. Five each side.



A cheer for Chichester

Sailing for 40 long and lonely days through fog and terrifying weather, a London map maker beats his rivals to port by a wide margin in the first singlehanded transatlantic race

IN the low sun of evening on July 21, a 58-year-old map maker from London picked up the bow line of his sloop *Gipsy Moth III* and tossed it to a waiting boat off New York Harbor. For 40 days Francis Chichester had sailed alone across the Atlantic. At the end of his voyage he looked only a little tired and very happy. In the first singlehanded transatlantic race ever staged (SI, June 13), he had won over loneliness and exhaustion, beaten the nonracing record for a singlehanded crossing by 16 days and left his four younger rivals far behind him. These included Blondie Hasler, the British wartime hero, who had the idea for the race in the first place.

The starting line had been set at Plymouth by the Royal Western Yacht Club, and the finish at Ambrose Lightship off New York Harbor by the Slocum Society Sailing Club. The route in between was left to the sailors. Chichester shunned the safe southerly course in favor of a faster one close to the iceberg line. This northern route has rightly been called the Everest of yachting. The weather is terrible. The winds are perverse and shifty. "I was changing those sails all day and all night to keep the boat racing," Chichester reported at the finish. "But there were times when I just got too damn tired to do it—just couldn't face it."

Chichester had fair, following winds only two days out of the 40. Most of the time it came straight at him, forcing him to tack and tack again. He covered 4,000 miles, all told, to make the 3,000-mile crossing. In summer, one gale is considered a ration for the course. Chichester ran into five of them.

"This boat," said Chichester, remembering his worst moments, "was built in Ireland. There must have been some disgruntled leprechauns left aboard. The boat wanted to be a ski jumper. She jumped off those crests. I don't see how the boat took it." The most severe gale, gusting to hurricane force, blew off his self-steering sail, a little jigger that kept



AT THE FINISH, WINNING SKIPPER CHICHESTER PREPARES TO HEAVE LINE TO TOWBOAT

the boat on course whenever Chichester was below. It was the one thing he couldn't do without. As the *Gipsy Moth* wallowed and pitched in a rolling sea, Chichester scaled the jigger's 14-foot mast hand over hand to get the steering sail up again. "When I got to the top of the mast," Chichester recalls, "the boat rolled and swung me to one side and then swung me back. I went right on around. On the next roll it swung me a bit faster, until I was going round and round the mast like a monkey on a stick. I just burst out laughing."

The first day out of Plymouth he was drenched by the flying spray, and he stayed wet for 37 days. A quarter inch of mildew accumulated in the cabin, but finally, as he slipped toward Long Island in fair, easy weather, Chichester got dried out and meticulously sponged the boat down. "My wife Sheila was waiting in New York," he explained, "and she hates to see the boat dirty."

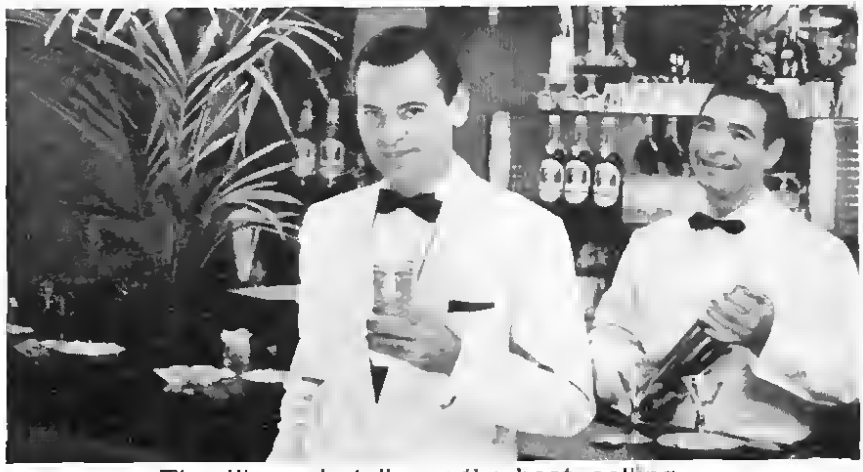
For eight of his 40 days Chichester's lonely world closed in around him. In heavy fog, with no sun or radio beacons to give him bearings, he could count only on dead reckoning. In his younger days Chichester had pioneered in aerial navigation, flying alone from New Zealand to Australia, counting on his ability to hit two pinprick island stops on the nose. "I wasn't worried about hitting America," he said. "It's so big."

When the last fog encompassed him, Chichester was near Nantucket, where he ran the unhappy risk of hitting some rocky part of America all too suddenly. In this crisis he had to trust his ability to interpret radio direction signals to a half-mile accuracy ("a fascinating bit of navigation").

With one bit of fascinating navigation and another, on his 39th day he had put himself within 30 miles of Ambrose Lightship. He radioed his calculated position to the Coast Guard. Three press boats and a Coast Guard cutter steamed out to meet him. They found him where he said he was, his ship sailing along with the knowing roll of a boat that has been out a long time. Sitting in the cockpit with the flaps of his deerstalker hat over his ears, Chichester smiled and nodded to the press and obediently followed his escort into New York, where such fame as comes to yachtsmen awaited him. END

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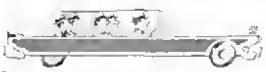
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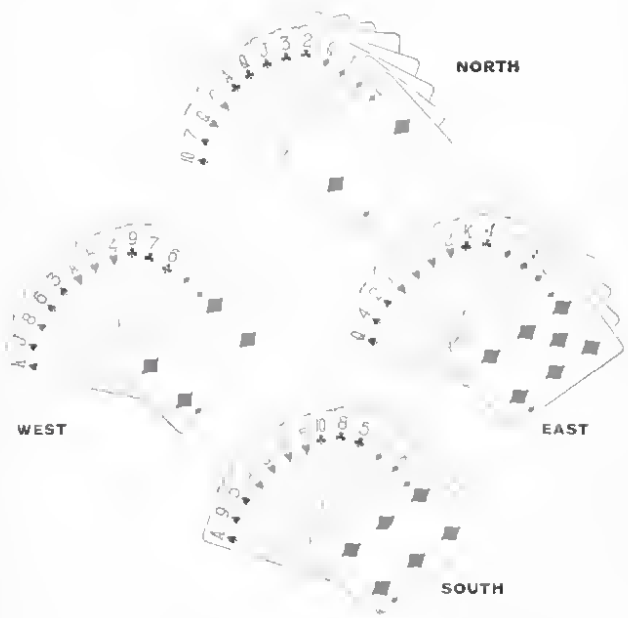
A nonpolitical convention

BRIDGE, like all other institutions, has its woe-sayers and head-waggers, and they are never more active than when they have a new convention to consider. The typical, unreconstructed view of the old-school Tory is simple. He has gotten along quite well with what he already knows, thank you, and he will be content to follow his card sense wherever it leads him—even to blessed mediocrity, I presume.

Such a player would do well to borrow from the advertising slogan of the honest milkman who told his patrons, "My cows are *not* contented; they are anxious to do better."

What happened when one of these fogies encountered the following deal indicates that even the keenest bridge player should be alert to the latest conventions—nonpolitical, of course.

East-West vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	2♣	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: spade 6

South, without drastic distortion of his high-card values, could have opened with a bid of one no trump. His 15 high-quality points were reinforced with a 10 and two 9s. Not that I have any fault to find with his bid of one heart. I have not gone over to the light no trump. Long years of experience have convinced me that in no-trump bidding the spread between maximum and minimum high-card values should never be more than three points. Since 18-point hands are members in good standing of the no-trump fraternity, the use of a 15-point minimum would effect a four-point spread between top and bottom requirements and should therefore be vetoed in all but exceptional cases.

Against the three no-trump contract, West chose the natural lead of the 6 of spades. East's queen was permitted to hold. The spade 4 was returned and again declarer ducked. West won with the jack. Now the only important spade outstanding was the ace, and West could drive it out with any of his three remaining spades with equal effect. Since it made no difference to him, he chose to do so with the 3.

Declarer won and took a club finesse, which lost to East. East's aim now was to put partner in to cash the setting tricks. Mindful of South's original heart bid, he chose to return a diamond. Thus declarer scampered off with nine tricks—four diamonds and four clubs in addition to his ace of spades.

Should East, as his partner contended, have smelled out the killing heart return because dummy discarded a heart on the third spade? Maybe, but a convention makes such guesses unnecessary.

EXTRA TRICK

When a player who has opened a suit is about to establish it finally, he can use a simple device to suggest to his partner the suit in which his future re-entry will be found. The clue is the size of the card he uses to drive out declarer's last stopper. If he leads his lowest card, he announces that his entry is to be found in the lower-ranking of the off-suits (in this case, diamonds). If he establishes his suit by leading his highest card—in this case, the king—the suggested return is the higher-ranking of the off-suit, in this instance hearts.

One beauty of this convention is that it does not interfere to any great extent with any long-established theory. It is an additional refinement which may be employed with no added cost. **END**

GO SOX! STOP YANKS!

continued from page 19

Gene Freese was fielding poorly at third base. "It's a funny thing," said Lopez. "When he makes one error, he gets to brooding about it. The next thing you know, he's made another." Against Baltimore one day Freese brooded hard and made three errors to cost the Sox the game.

Not all the Sox have been affected by the long-ball psychosis. Billy Pierce, who had an off season in 1959, has been winning and his fast ball is as good as ever. Gerry Staley and Turk Lown have saved many games in relief, especially Staley, whose earned run average is the lowest in the league. Two new men, Frank Baumann of Boston and Russ Kemmerer of Washington, have pitched effectively and both are pleased to be with the White Sox.

"I learned more with Chicago in four days than I did during my five years with Boston," said Baumann. Kemmerer was surprised the White Sox wanted him. "I wasn't sure Lopez would even use me," he said. "I got off the plane in Chicago at 7:30 and an hour later I was pitching. Lopez has given me a lot of confidence."

Two good hitters

In the bad early days Minnie Minoso and Al Smith carried the team at the plate, each of them hitting well over .300. Minoso, who played for Chicago for seven years before being traded to Cleveland, won the opening game of the season for the White Sox with two home runs, one of them a grand slam. Smith was less spectacular but effective. Despite the efforts of these two, however, the White Sox were still a fifth-place club until they faced the fact that their best defense was not necessarily a good offense.

As so often happens, the sharpening up afield also produced a sudden surge at the plate. It—or something—triggered Roy Sievers into a remarkable burst of base hits.

Sievers started his binge shortly after the White Sox lost the four games to the Yankees. He hit safely in 21 straight games—over .400 during that stretch—and he drove in important runs. The White Sox beat the Orioles twice to climb out of the second division, then won four straight from Boston. When they won five out of six from Cleveland they moved up to third, then up to second with three more wins over the Red Sox. Things were going well again. Aparicio, Fox and Jim Landis were getting on base. Lollar and Gene Freese were hitting better. Wynn pitched three complete games. Shaw pitched two. As the White Sox began the big series with the Yankees, they were playing their best baseball of the season.

The Sox won the first three games of this critical series in 1959 style, scoring 22 runs on 40 hits—only one of them a home run and 32 of them singles. Roy Sievers hit the home run, Gene Freese a triple. Nellie Fox got five singles, one of them the 2,000th hit of his career. Minnie Minoso drove in six runs. Luis Aparicio stole two bases. Sherm Lollar avoided hitting into double plays and had a double to right.

If the White Sox hitting was a little more consistent than it was in 1959, the pitching was a little less effective. None of the starters in the first three games could finish: Early Wynn went out in the fourth inning, Bob Shaw went out in the ninth, Billy Pierce went out in the eighth. But in all three games the relief pitching was good. Frank Baumann got credit for the first game and relieved again in the third. Gerry Staley saved the second game for Shaw.

When the Sox left town they looked like the pennant-winning team of 1959. And maybe—if they don't regain their confidence—they will win the pennant again. **END**



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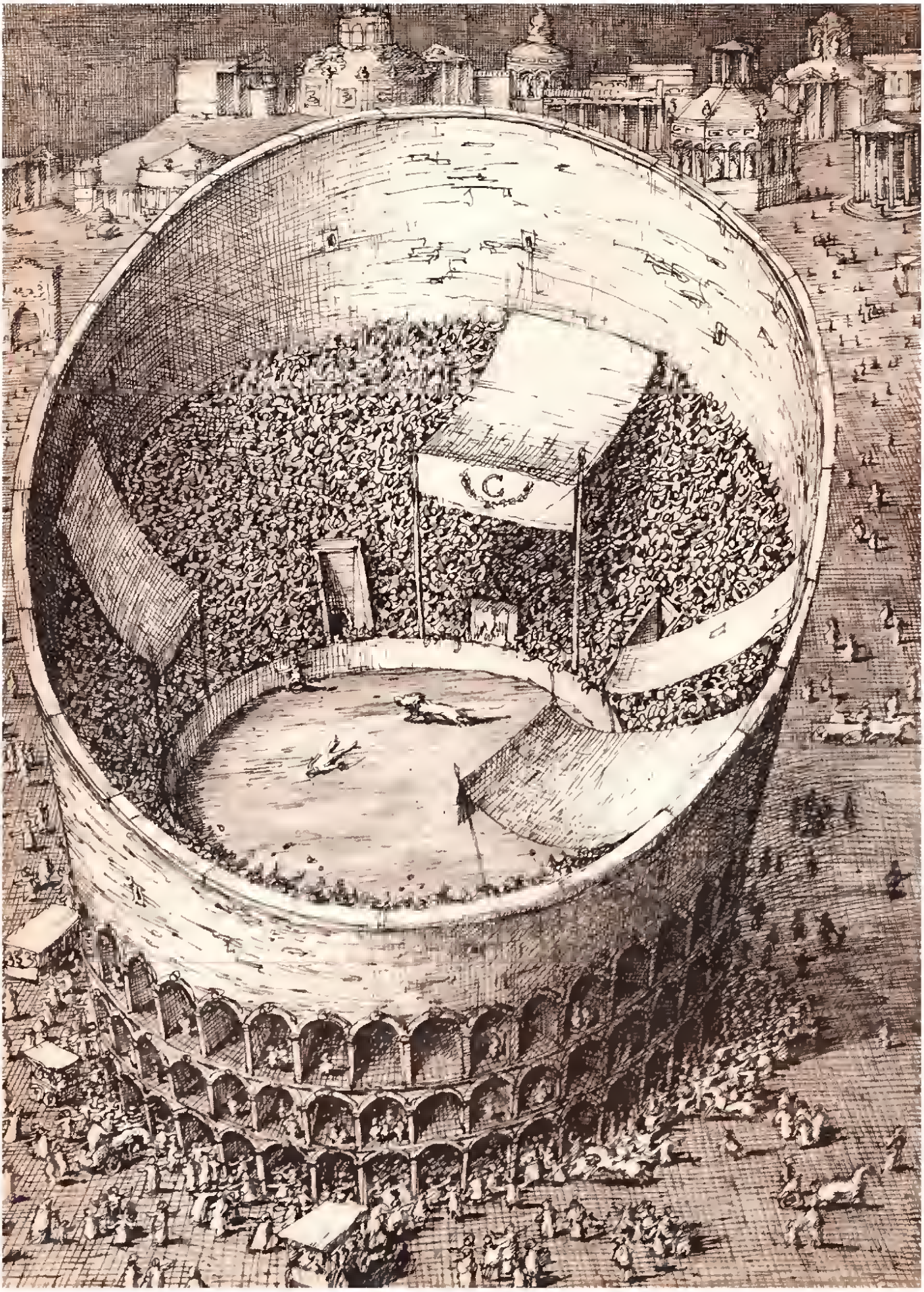
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Illustrations by Domenico Gnoli

THE GAUDY GAMES

by Robert Graves

Historian, novelist, essayist, poet, Robert Graves has achieved a literary distinction for a wide variety of works ranging from the autobiographical "Goodbye to All That" to the historical "I, Claudius" to "The Anger of Achilles," a new and brilliant translation of the "Iliad." This last is one of the most recent examples of the erudition which enables him to enter into and become a part of the long-ago world of which he so frequently writes. On the following pages he re-creates the authentic world of ancient Rome, and on the site of this year's Olympic Games describes the gaudy–and gory–"games" held about 90 A.D. in the reign of the Emperor Domitian

Outside the wineshop everyone was teasing the mild-mannered stranger who wore the gray cloak of a Greek philosopher. The usual run of philosophers are much-traveled, sharp as needles, knowing as vultures; but this one seemed ignorant and artless, a real peasant.

"In Hell's name, where do you spring from?" asked Scorpus, the charioteer. "Anyone would think you'd been asleep a thousand years and just woken up!"

"From Myconos, the Aegean island," replied the stranger. "It's not very big, but quite famous. Why, the Giants who attacked Heaven are buried beneath our granite rocks, which the god Hercules threw at them. And we show the tomb of Ajax, too—a Trojan War hero."

The philosopher then began to quote Homer, but Scorpus cut him short. "You're not a real Myconian," he said accusingly. "Can't be. Look at your thatch! *Myconi calva omnis juventas*—All Myconians are bald as pumpkins, even boys!"

The philosopher blushed. "I'm afraid you're right," he said. "My family, I confess, originated in Athens. Political refugees. This thick hair does make me somewhat conspicuous at home. But I have the most beautifully bald wife and children."

He spoke in such earnest tones that we could not help liking him. "Ever traveled before?" I asked, when the laughter had subsided.

"Some years ago I attended a course in philosophy at Athens. From there I went to the Olympic Games: an unforgettable experience! As Homer says. . . ."

"Forget Homer! Who cares about Homer here? Did you see good sport at Olympia?"

"Sir, it was fabulous!" The philosopher's voice rose with enthusiasm. "A score of events crammed into five days! No less than 40,000 visitors must have gathered there from all over the Greek world! We put up tents and picnicked beside the river. First, the sacrifices and the classification of athletes; then a contest of trumpeters. A little fellow from Sicily ought to have won, but the judges disqualified him after an objection; it seems he had once served a prison term for striking a priest. Only freeborn Greeks of good character may compete at Olympia. But, by Jove, how he blew—what sweet thunder! Next, to whet our appetite, the boys' races! The third day, the day of champions—the 200-yard sprint, the quarter-mile and three-mile foot race! Classical wrestling! A race of armed soldiers carrying shields and spears; our Myconian champion came in third. Hard-glove boxing. Freestyle wrestling. Magnificent! The competitors had trained for years."

"Foot races!" scoffed Bufotilla, Scorpus' green-eyed girl friend, blowing her nose daintily with thumb and forefinger and wiping them on my cloak. "I can't imagine a drearier spectacle."

"Ah, dear woman!" sighed the philosopher, "you're all alike—pretending to despise the Games which you are forbidden on pain of death to witness!"

Bufotilla stared at him. "Forbidden—on pain of death? And why, pray?"

"Because Olympic athletes wear no clothes, young lady," replied the philosopher.

Scorpus broke in; he had heard vague talk, some place or other, about the Olympic Games. "Big prizes, eh? Heavy bonuses?"

"No, sir. The same award serves all events: an olive



wreath, cut with a golden sickle from the sacred tree."

"Yes, yes, that's the token award, I don't doubt. But how much cash does it mean? You can't tell me that these fellows train for years, then travel to Olympia from all over the Greek world in the hope of winning only a wretched olive wreath that they could cut anywhere themselves?"

The philosopher smiled reprovingly. "We are Greeks, not barbarians," he said.

"So what? Doesn't anyone ever sell a race or match at Olympia?"

"They swear a solemn oath beforehand that they won't. At the altar of Olympian Zeus, in front of all the judges."

"And if an athlete breaks his oath?"

"The judges fine him severely, and the city which has sent him to the Games is shamed. At Olympia you can see a row of bronze images flanking the temple steps. They were paid for with fines imposed on those who bribed and accepted bribes to lose—a long row of images, worth I don't know how much."

"Thanks, I knew that money came into it somehow," said Scorpus. "It always does."

We burst out laughing again, but the philosopher saw no joke. "It's true," he said, "and on the images are engraved warnings that the Olympic Games were founded by Hercules as a contest in manliness, not for money; and that the gods always discover cheats."

"All right, all right!" Scorpus said impatiently. "Get on with your tale! Bufotilla's getting nervous; aren't you, my sweet? We want to hear about the chariot race. That's the big draw at any Games."

"Not at Olympia," the philosopher answered. "When we talk of bygone Olympics, we always identify them by the name of whichever athlete won the sprint—our earliest and most important athletic event. The chariot-race winner may be a moribund old prince from Cadiz or the Black Sea provinces who never saw Greece before but happens to own a good stable. In the sprint it is the *man* who wins, the man whom poets celebrate."

"Haven't you forgotten the charioteer?" asked Scorpus gently, stroking his large nose.

"Oh, yes," the philosopher answered. "Charioteers get the best out of their teams, I suppose; but at Olympia nobody pays them much attention. It is not a dangerous race; a driver who deliberately fouled an opponent's chariot—why, he would be disgraced for life!"

This drew fresh guffaws from our party, and Bufotilla cried: "By all the gods in Heaven and Hell, what a nation of sissies! No wonder our Roman legions went through you like string through cheese! You call that sport?"

"You'd better watch a Roman race this afternoon and improve your education," Scorpus said. He turned to me. "Take charge of him, Glabrio, will you? See he gets a seat with the 'family.' "

I said I would. At this moment a crowd of young noblemen came along, all wearing blue favors; they caught sight of Scorpus, lifted him on their shoulders and bore him off, cheering madly.

The philosopher watched in astonishment. "With what paragon of men have I had the honor to converse?" he demanded.

"Why, Scorpus is the greatest charioteer we've had in generations!" I told him. "He's turned the tide of fortune from the Green faction to the Blue—won us over 1,100 victories since the Emperor's accession. He's worth nearly 2 million in gold! He bobnobs with the Emperor Domitian himself. Senators' wives and daughters pant for him, but he brushes them off like flies."

"This Scorpus comes of noble stock?"

"Noble? His father was a British slave from York, employed in the imperial stables. And if you want to know why he despises the Olympic chariot race no less than you philosophers do, it's because *his* course is seven times around the Great Circus, with bloody murder lurking at each post. Few charioteers escape a broken leg or arm for long. Ten races, 20 perhaps, if they're lucky—then crash! Scorpus' luck has been phenomenal; only a



couple of serious accidents in five years. Everyone wonders why he doesn't retire on the winnings."

"Why doesn't he?"

"He says he mustn't fail his public. But I don't think it's quite that. In his heart he despises the public; all experienced charioteers do. I think he just can't quit; he needs that thrill of playing with death. Besides, suppose he retired, tell me some other job he could take and still feel a man—short of turning gladiator?"

We ate lunch—bread and black puddings—at another wineshop near the Citadel. The big race wouldn't be run for another two hours, which left us time to visit the late Emperor Titus' Amphitheater, commonly called the Colosseum. I own a couple of good seats there, on the shady side; and even if I forget my tickets I can always get in as a member of Scorpus' "family." I'm his saddlemaster, the man solely responsible for his reins, traces and harness.

continued

This being the noon recess, we found the Colosseum less than half full: a mere 20,000 spectators. During the recess, second-class entertainment is the rule—animal turns or acrobatics—but I'm glad we went, because a "no-reprieve" show was put on. No-reprieve is an amusing alternative to crucifixion—and the criminals appreciate it. Death comes quickly, and most of them get the pleasure of killing, even if afterward they have the misfortune of getting killed. Ten criminals were announced that day—bandits, men convicted of incest or arson, and parricides. A villainous lot they were, except for one fine-looking Sicilian bandit, a fellow named Julius Ferox. Every woman in the audience waved her scarf at him on hearing that, before his capture, he had flattened three soldiers and their sergeant. Julius would appear third.

A roll of kettledrums, and a parricide was led in, naked. He glanced wildly about: the gates were shut and the barriers too high to scramble over. Then in strutted another criminal in full armor, with shield and sword—a



mad Moor from Tangier who had burned down an apartment house, causing considerable loss of life. He caught his man after a long chase, which ended rather tamely because the desperate parricide took a leap at the barrier and knocked himself out. The Moor, in turn, was disarmed by two guards, who gave his gear to Julius Ferox. The Moor had not run three paces before Julius thrust him through the lungs.

Poor sport; but now came Julius' turn to be disarmed, and a ruffian from the Sabine Hills had the chance to murder him. Julius showed no dismay. Though mother-naked, he met the rush, flung back his head and dealt a violent kick at the Sabine's wrist. Away flew the sword, Julius tackled low, got hold of the shield and drove its sharp boss through his enemy's temple. He rose, walked up to the guards and, remarking carelessly, "I'll fight without these," handed over the arms. "Next!" he said.

The crowd cheered his bravado. He now confronted a tough cutthroat from Naples. He cleverly worked him round to face the midday sun; then, stopping, he threw a handful of sand in his eyes and dealt him a running kick in the groin. In no time at all he had won a third victory.

"Next!"

The applause was terrific. Julius had little trouble with the miserable Tuscan dandy, convicted of raping his niece, who faced him next. No gladiator, this one! Julius went up, saying, "Your sword, lad!" calmly borrowed it and cut off his head at a stroke.

"Next!"

His new opponent was a fellow bandit, formerly his lieutenant, who had betrayed him to the authorities in the vain hope of winning a pardon. While tussling for the sword, Julius was gashed and stabbed in three places; but then he used it mercilessly, lopping off the traitor's ears, nose and hands before dispatching him. The crowd stood up, roaring delightedly, and appealed for pardon; but this was a no-reprieve show. So Julius committed suicide. He didn't seem to mind, now that suitable vengeance had been taken.

"Congratulations!" I said to the philosopher. "Beginner's luck. Best show this year—and in the recess, too! The regular fights will seem flat after this. Of course, if Hermes were on, that would be another story. A wonderful gladiator, but he's in the hospital just now—jabbed in the thigh by a net-and-trident expert. Hermes is an all-round man: trident, spear, sword, on horseback or on foot. Fills all the tiers. Well, let's get along."

The philosopher's face was pale green, and he had shut his eyes tight so as not to see the last of the criminals done in.

I nudged him again: "Coming?"

"Where can I vomit?" he gasped.

"You talk of manliness," I said, leading him out, "and yet you want to vomit! How was that for a display of manliness? If a bandit can prove himself a hero, what do you think the rest of us are like?"

He was silent until we had left the Colosseum and his nausea had passed. Then he answered, "The heroism of a Sicilian bandit gives me no clue to the spirit of ordinary Roman citizens—winesellers, actors or saddlemasters. Have you yourself taken part in a war? No? Or faced a storm at sea? No? Do you box, even with soft gloves?"

I shook my head.

"What are your sports?" he pressed me.

"None, now," I said. "At the baths I sometimes raise a sweat by joining in a medicine-ball scrimmage. I used to wrestle, but then I put my thumb out. And no self-respecting Roman boxes; we leave that to gladiators—cauliflower ears and broken noses have no attraction for pretty ladies."

"Then you expect slaves, criminals and the desperately poor to display courage on your behalf?"

"Put it that way, if you like. I won't argue against a philosopher."

"Is it true," he asked, "that at the Colosseum batches of Jewish mystics are daily thrown to hungry lions?"

"Yes, I believe so—in the early morning when the gates first open. They're let down in cages by a crane. Few people attend, because there's nothing to bet on. And it's a pretty tame spectacle. These Christians, as they're called, show no fight; when released from the cage they just kneel down, pray and sing."

As we mixed with the crowd streaming toward the Great Circus, a couple of policemen frog-marched a bedraggled fellow to the lockup.

"Betting?" I asked.

They nodded and went on.

The philosopher exclaimed: "Yet at the wineshop I heard one of those young noblemen openly backing Scorpus for 1,000 gold pieces to 60! Is there one law for the poor and another for the rich?"



You've missed the point," I said. "The law forbids casual betting. If you're caught you're fined four times the value of your stake or else go to jail. But everyone is encouraged to bet on the chariots and the gladiators. I'm sorry now that you missed seeing a Colosseum fight. It can be great fun —if it's not rigged."

As we walked on toward the Great Circus, where a big race would be run that afternoon, I pointed up at a gilt statuary group on a massive marble pedestal.

"The sun god?" he asked.

I grinned. "Don't his nose and chin remind you of someone?"

"Yes, indeed! What a strange resemblance to your friend Scorpus!"

"It *is* Scorpus!"

The philosopher stopped dead. "Once," he said severely, "it was considered a sin to honor even kings with statues. Yet today one may mistake the gilded statue of an ex-slave for a divine image!"

"Why not?" said I. "The Blue faction set up that group to celebrate Scorpus' thousandth victory. If every god treated his worshipers as generously as Scorpus has treated the Blues, religion wouldn't be in such a bad way."

He asked me to explain the factions in simple language. A difficult task for a professional like me.

"Well," I said, "each faction is known by a color, one of those that everyone's wearing—green, blue, white and red. The four racing stables are managed by millionaire syndicates. Green has White as its partner, Blue has Red. You'll have noticed that Green and Blue favors predominate. But don't despise the minor colors; White and Red charioteers come in handy by opening up for their partners or balking the enemy."

"Do these colors mean anything in particular?"

"Not that I've ever heard."

"Yet I seem to be the only person here not wearing a favor!"

"It's quite a story," I told him. "A few generations back, we Romans fought one civil war after another, all for political reasons. They lasted till the Republic broke down and Augustus made himself Emperor. Since then, except for some trouble at Nero's death, we've had continuous peace—and no politics! So Rome has grown incredibly rich. Rich in slaves, rich in trade. This is the "good life" that our ancestors dreamt about. Free citizens need to work only till noon. What's more, they can take every other day off, buy all they need and still have money to burn. So they have a novel problem: how to spend their leisure time. Every blessed afternoon, every other morning as well! I'm lucky to be in show business; it keeps me occupied."

"I would buy books," said the philosopher eagerly.

"Books? But then you're Greek. We Romans don't read unless we're old or sick. Elsewhere, idle men finding themselves without jobs or money nurse political grievances; here they're denied even that comfort. So the Emperor subsidizes free gladiator shows and chariot races and lets faction politics take the place of party politics. Only a fool would want a change in government, when the factions supply a simple means of turning his spare cash into a fortune."

"How so?"

"By betting, of course! Anyone can join either the Blues or the Greens; and though both factions are equally crooked, the betting works well enough."

continued



"I should find it demoralizing to be a perpetual spectator!"

"There the Emperor agrees with you. He's just proclaimed a four-yearly Roman Games on the Olympic model; doubtless he hopes that we'll all turn into enthusiastic athletes. But even if the factions take over—which seems improbable—I can't see a future in athletics. Apart from popular music and dancing at the theater, Rome cares for little except sex, gladiators, racing and betting. We don't pretend to be Greek idealists."



A cockfight announcement, posted on a building, caught the philosopher's eye—one of the entries was a Myconian bird. He insisted on going inside. Lookouts stood by the door of this miniature Colosseum, where one may bet only in hazelnuts. The audience wore patched and dirty cloaks; yet the stakes were heavy. Neither the stink and vermin of the cockpit, nor its obscene wall paintings troubled the philosopher. He forced me to sit through three fights until the Myconian cock was put in for a main by a bald compatriot of his.

It was a small bird but, ye gods!, what a game one! The tall Tanagran, matched against him, mauled his bead to a gory mess, but he kept his stubby crest erect and fought like Jove's eagle. Pretty soon he had the Tanagran guessing, and then he took his revenge. Up in the air be flew and, with a single backward thrust, too quick to follow, drove a sharp spur clean through his opponent's skull. "Great Heavens, that timing!" exulted the philosopher. He made as much fuss over that cock as if it had saved all Greece from disaster.

I teased him: "So you're a convert to the Roman view of sport? Just now you griped because we like watching gladiators commit mutual murder for our amusement."

He had his answer ready: "Who needs to train cocks at a gladiatorial school? Who forces them to fight desperately, like your doomed ruffians, by way of avoiding jail or the galleys? Who stands behind them with a whip? Cocks battle to the death of their own free will, because such is their nature—and they do it in the barnyard as readily as in the pit!"

"Don't underestimate our gladiators," said I. "Hermes, for instance: he's a born killer. He enjoys every minute of life, except when he's in the hospital."

We pushed our way into the Great Circus through Titus' Arch, and found Opimus, the stout Blue faction chief, fuming outside his office. "You're late, Glabrio!" he bellowed. "Hurry up and check the harness. Hurry, I say! There's only a quarter of an hour left."

"I checked it before lunch, sir. Scorpus was with me. Ask him! Zeno's been keeping an eye on it meanwhile."

"Zeno! What do I care about him?" Opimus stormed. "How can I tell he's not been got at? Zeno's a Red, and no employee of mine. Don't you know that there's a million in gold hanging on this race? Check everything again. And burry, I say!"

I went to the harness room, a stable guard at my side, unlocked the door and checked again. The gold-plated chariot, inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise, was not my concern—not even the harness rings. But the traces, yes! I paid them out slowly—30 flawless yards of new bull's hide, tough and supple, every inch of it, the splices sewn and oversewn with fox gut. Then the reins, also brand-new. Finally, the bronze bits. I'm expected to wash these before each race, for fear someone may have doped them, and to use only water from a sealed jar.

"All correct, sir!" I told Opimus.

The grooms wheeled out Scorpus' chariot, fastened the yoke and threw the harness over the waiting stallions. First the team, a matched pair of Thessalian duns, on either side of the shaft. Then the two bay tracers. This course is always taken countersunwise, so the tracers are made fast to rail rings on the off side. A posse of stable guards watched sullenly. No one in the Circus trusts anyone, and every faction has its own special secrets. We Blues, for instance, pamper our stallions on barley mash doctored with raw, chopped horseflesh—which makes cannibals of them. Remember how King Diomedes, whom Hercules slew, fed his mares on human flesh? I once laughed at that as a poetic fable, but I've learned that horses are gluttons for meat. The Greens haven't yet discovered why Scorpus, apart from his wonderful driving, gets an extra half length out of his team in every lap. They've tried almost every known stimulant on their beasts, even peppered oysters! but raw meat is the answer, either beef or horseflesh.

Scorpus emerged from his dressing room in a sky-blue silk tunic, with long strips of buckskin swathed around his legs, crash helmet, dagger and whip. His nose and chin jutted magisterially. "All set, Champion," I told him. "How do you feel?"

"As I look."

I prodded the philosopher out of his dreams. "Aren't you betting?"

"I never laid a bet in my life—not even on the cocks."

"What? You're still a virgin? Lend me your luck, in Heaven's name: lay a maiden bet for me! I'll give you half the winnings, I swear."

"It goes against my principles."

"To the crows with your principles! Take this purse—there should be 96 gold pieces in it. Run across to the Greens at once and put the lot on Scorpus! Lodge your bet at the corner bookmaker's. The Greens favor Thallus to win, so don't accept less than even money! A maiden bet, ye gods! I've never once known a maiden bet to go astray. If you won't help me, Myconian, I'll beat you till you sneeze!"

Most reluctantly, be took the purse and placed the bet, getting even money, all right. I could have done better, probably, because Thallus and Scorpus were almost equally favored, and 5 to 1 was being quoted against the field. Five to one may seem short odds, but think how many desperate plungers back the field!

There we sat, in marble seats, up front, beside the rest of Scorpus' family—his trainer, chariot master, head stableboy, veterinary and, of course, Bufotilla. It's "first come, first served" here with all seats except the imperial enclosure and the rows reserved for senators, knights, and faction officials like ourselves. That's why thousands of sportsmen queue up the evening before to grab good seats when the gates open at daybreak. An hour later they would find standing room only. You never know whom you'll be next to; I first met my Syrian wife in a Circus queue.

Thallus' family sat near us, across a gangway. The philosopher's gray cloak puzzled them. "What business has Scorpus with philosophy?" they wondered. "Philosophy is something that generals and statesmen take up in retirement. Can Scorpus be retiring?"

We let them wonder. Jokes and insults flew between the rival families.

The philosopher had been enormously impressed by the Colosseum audience, but at the Great Circus he doubted his eyes. "How many! How many!" he exclaimed, gazing around him.

"Almost a full house," I said. "About 150,000 people. Including the Emperor Domitian himself—over there with the purple cloak, the golden wreath and his favorite dwarf."

Trumpets blew and, amid tempestuous cheers, the four teams entered at a trot and lined up behind the starting rope. The draw for places had been unfortunate for us. Scorpus got the outer berth; his Red partner got the inner; the Green and White were between them, so that from inside to outside the colors ran Red, White, Green, Blue.

It was a picture on this beautiful, warm, windless day: the vast, tight-packed Circus; the fine yellow sand; the charioteers poised like gods, leaning back a little, with the reins wound fast about their waists; the horses pawing, snorting, and flaunting colored favors. Above them, on the long, narrow embankment around which the course ran, towered an immense obelisk; and on either side of it stood marble images of Neptune, Hercules and the Heavenly Twins. Then came the bronzes of deified Caesars: Augustus, Claudius and Vespasian, each of whom in his lifetime had generously patronized this Circus.

The Emperor waved his napkin to signal "Begin!" Another trumpet flourished; the taut rope fell, four whips cracked as one and the chariots were off, scattering clouds of sand.

Blue's partner, Red, having drawn the best berth, should have gone hell for leather to reach the turning-post first, then rounded it in a wide enough sweep to hold White and Green securely on his flank while letting his partner, Blue, nip in behind and steal the turn. I've watched that maneuver often; but it needs judgment. On this occasion Red got away to a slow start, let White crowd him into the embankment four lengths before the post and thus open the inner berth for Thallus. Scorpus, counting on Red to reach the post unchallenged, hadn't let his team go full out; by the time he'd whisked around White at the turn, Green was well ahead. (The posts, at either end of the embankment, are cones of gilt bronze; seven huge wooden eggs rest on a frame above them. An imperial slave takes one egg down as soon as the leading chariot has gone past, and another at each lap, until all seven eggs have disappeared. It saves charioteers and spectators the trouble of counting.

A bad beginning. Thallus kept his lead of three lengths and completed the first lap with so sharp a turn that I'd swear his wheel shaved the gilt off both sides of the bronze. After him shot Scorpus, now far enough away from White not to be worried by him, though

continued



plainly worried by the Green tunic in front. Later we heard that our near team horse had not been in top condition.

Three very fast laps, no change in position, and toward the end of the fourth lap Scorpus challenged: he ran neck and neck with Green for a while but failed to make that inner berth at the turn.

Four eggs down! Five eggs down!

Scorpus didn't challenge again. He waited, despite jeers, protests, whistles and encouraging yells. He waited patiently, until Red had lost a whole lap and was hugging the embankment, some lengths behind White, with Green threatening to pass him at the post, "*Ag' ut prima debebas!*" Scorpus shouted—he lay a little behind and beyond Green—"Do what you should have done at the first post!"

Red understood; he flogged blood and sweat out of his nags and this time rounded the turn wide enough to carry Green with him. Scorpus, wheeling almost at right angles, nipped in behind so neatly that his off-tracer's shoulder grazed the Red chariot's tail: he'd beaten Green to the inner berth and won three lengths.

"*Successit et vicet!*" the Blues roared. "He's gained the lead, and he'll keep it!"

Six eggs down!

Now White, just ahead of Scorpus, though still in the fifth lap, was weaving in and out to hamper him, with Green running a close third. Caught between his rivals, Scorpus made a bold decision. He forced his tracers to take the last turn wide—whereupon White lost his whip, as well as his head. Mistaking Thallus' team for Scorpus'—the Green tracers being also bays—he balked him at the critical moment. Thallus' wheel struck the post squarely, and his chariot broke up. In the nick of time he used his dagger to cut himself free from the reins. The horses rushed on, hauling the wreckage after them.

A thunderstorm of cheers and curses. It was Blue's race, all right—Scorpus could have finished in a walk. But as he walloped his triumphant Thessalians at high speed down the stretch, a small, ragged-shirted figure leaped the barrier and ran across the sand, shaking his puny fists. There he stood—directly in the chariot's path! Expecting him to lose his nerve and dart back, Scorpus neither reined in nor swerved. The intruder sprang at the duns' heads, then fell with a scream under their iron hoofs. The tracers, meanwhile, had shied and plunged, sluing the chariot around. Scorpus was thrown, and his helmet struck sickeningly against the marble embankment. He was dragged past the winning post—one lap and five lengths ahead of White.

An indescribable hubbub. I heard the chariot master's gasp of horror. In a nightmare, I heard my own groans, as if heaved from some other man's guts. Scorpus, our great Scorpus! Down at last with a smashed skull and broken neck! The long play had ended. We wept like orphaned children.

Bufotilla fainted; the veterinary took charge of her. I was glad she had fainted. We all thought the world of the girl. She and Scorpus were to have married in the New Year. One can find no words of comfort on such occasions.

Further hubbub. The judges were signaling a Blue victory. Someone tugged at my sleeve. "You've won your 96 gold pieces!" said the philosopher. "I renounce my share. It would be disgraceful to profit from a man's death."

He was being illogical. Dead men don't win races, and the judges' decision clearly showed that Scorpus had been dragged alive past the mark. But why argue?

"What pain! What misery!" I mourned. "Scorpus is gone! Those murderous Greens must have been counting on Ragged Shirt to save their bets. A suicidal wretch, probably, who bet against Scorpus once too often. But I won't believe a man could have scrambled over that barrier without help!"

Just then the imperial catapults opened up: a volley of metal vouchers scattered in showers among the seats. Some were for money, anything from a single gold piece to a hundred. Some had even higher value—gifts of farms, houses, shops—properties confiscated by the Emperor from banished noblemen, or left to him in wills.

"I can stand no more!" the philosopher exclaimed shrilly. "Tomorrow I shall return to Myconos, if the kind gods will arrange my passage." And that the gods were kind, and very kind, a most curious coincidence proved. A voucher struck the head of some woman sitting behind us and bounced into the philosopher's lap. It entitled him to a "50-ton merchant vessel, the *Good Fortune*, at present lying off Naples; warranted sound and well found." How's that for maiden luck? And only five days later an imperial edict banished all philosophers from Rome!

Not since the Emperor Titus died have I seen a bigger funeral. The Spanish poet Martial wrote a graceful dirge: "Let Victory sadly break her palm," etc., etc. Also an epitaph, to the effect that an envious Fate, having counted Scorpus' victories, decided that at 27 years he'd won enough for a lifetime and so took up her shears and snipped his vital thread. I'm no judge of verse, but I admired the sentiment.

Thallus has succeeded to Scorpus' throne, and we Blues seldom win these days. Besides, racing isn't what it used to be; the Emperor, for inscrutable reasons of state, has formed two new factions—Purple and Gold. Our harassed bookmakers never know how to figure the odds.

And I'm sick of the Colosseum, too. Hermes, my favorite gladiator, left the hospital too soon and got chopped in his first show. Talk of the good life! If things don't improve soon, and if I get any balder from worry, I'm half inclined to sail for Myconos myself and open a quiet little cockpit there. **END**



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BICYCLING—The 1960 U S OLYMPIC ROAD TEAM which qualified at trials in Central Park, N Y *(see page 42)* MICHAEL HILTNER and LARS ZEBROSKI, both of Pedale Alpini Club, Los Angeles, ROBERT TETZLAFF, U S Army, WES CHOWEN, North Hollywood Wheelmen, Los Angeles, BILL FREUND, Detroit; GEORGE KOENIG, U S Army BOB PFARR, Kenosha, Wis., and CHARLES HEWITT, Boston, 1,000-meter world record in 1:14 5, in National Amateur championships at Milwaukee

BOATING—BILL PARKS of Chicago YC, his crewman, ROBERT HALPERIN, and his boat, *Shrew*, earned right to represent U S in Olympic Star-class sailing event by taking Olympic trials at Atlantic Highlands, N J Parks defeated fellow Chicagoan, Richard Stearns, 6,625 points to 5,851 points
FRANCIS CHICHESTER, 58-year-old British adventurer and map publisher, transatlantic solo race in 39-foot sloop *Gipsy Moth III* *(see page 52)* Chichester made crossing from Plymouth, England, to Ambrose Lightship off Long Island in 40 days, beating westbound solo record by 16 days
X-TOUCHE, owned by Clarence Baker and Jerry Clements of Detroit YC, was first to finish 235-mile Port Huron to Mackinac Island race, also took over-all title with corrected time of 34:06:39
FIGARO, owned and skippered by William T. Snaith of Weston, Conn , King of Sweden Cup (3,500-mile race from Bermuda to Skagen Lighthouse on tip of Norway) on corrected time

BOXING—SONNY LISTON in second round twice slammed Zora Folley to canvas for nine counts, in third round put him away, heavyweights, Denver *(see page 49)*
DAVEY MOORE, world featherweight champion, sixth-round TKO over Frankie Valdez, in nontitle bout, Albuquerque

BRICK THROWING — STROUD, OKLAHOMA, over Stroud, England, 106 feet 6 inches to 84 feet 4 inches, in first international contest Both teams threw simultaneously in their own towns on opposite sides of Atlantic, compared notes by telephone

CANOE RACING—The 1960 U S OLYMPIC CANOE TEAM, which qualified in trials at Lake Sebago, New York: FRANK HAVENS, Washington (D C) CC, Canadian 1,000-meter singles; PAUL BEECHAM, Potomac CC, kayak 1,000-meter singles, GLORIANN PERRIER, Washington CC, women's kayak 500-meter singles, KEN WILSON and JOHN WOLTERS, Inwood (N Y) CC, kayak 1,000-meter tandem, MARYANN DuCHAI and DIANE JEROME, Turkeyfoot Kayak Club, Hudson, Ohio, women's kayak 500-meter tandem, ARNOLD DEMUS and RICHARD MORAN, Samoset CC, Boston, Canadian 1,000-meter tandem, RUSSELL DERMOND, Yonkers (N Y) CC, JOHN PAGKOS, Yonkers CC, CHARLES LUNDMARK, Washington CC, ROBERT O'BRIEN, Inwood CC, kayak singles relay

CHESS—SAMUEL RESHEVSKY, New York, and VICTOR KORCHNOI, Russia, tied for first place in Buenos Aires chess championship, each with 13 victories, six losses Youngest U S chess champion, Bobby Fischer of New York, tied for 11th place, with 8½ wins, 10½ losses

GOLF—JAY HEBERT, of Lafayette, La , birdied two of his last four holes to win PGA championship at Akron, Ohio, with 281 for 72 holes Runner-up, Jim Ferrier, of Burbank, Calif , with 282
BETSY RAWLS, Spartanburg, S C , making up a seven-stroke deficit in last two rounds, became first four-time winner of U S women's open, with 292 for 72 holes, at Worcester, Mass Runner-up: Joyce Ziske, Waterford, Wis , one stroke behind with 293

HARNESS RACING—ADIOS DON ($3 80) stepped out to the front at 3/8 pole and eased home a 2-length victor in $121,243 Empire Pace, went the mile in 2:02 3/5, a track record for 2-year-old colts, Yonkers Robert Camper, driver
ADIOS BUTLER ($2 80), Armunk Pace, $25,000, by 3/4 length over Caduceus, 1 m in 2 00 1/5, Yonkers Eddie Cobb, driver

HORSE RACING—PAPPA'S ALL ($7), in head-and-head battle with Sullivan's Bud to decide the juvenile championship of the West, managed a nose victory in $143,200 Hollywood Juvenile Championship for 2-year-olds, at Hollywood Park
Pappa's All, ridden by George Taniguchi, ran the six furlongs in 1 10
T V LARK ($35 40), Arlington Classic, $135,600, by ¾ length over John William, 1 m in 1:36 1/5, Arlington Park John Sellers up
FRANCIS S ($6 20), Dwyer Handicap, $54,100, by a neck over Irish Lancer, 1¼ m. in 2 03, Aqueduct Paul Bailey up
TEACATION ($21 60), Monmouth Oaks, $57,900, by 1½ lengths over Refute, 1⅛ m in 1:49 2/5, Monmouth Park Walter Blum up
COLFAX MAID ($12 20), Arlington Lassie Stakes, $98,500, by 1¾ lengths over Cap and Bells, 6 f in 1:11 4/5, Arlington Park Steve Brooks up

MODERN PENTATHLON—GEORGE LAMBERT, U S Army, was top scorer in Olympic trials at San Antonio with 4,745 points. Others who qualified for U S. Olympic team were ROBERT L BECK, U S NAVY (4,737 points), JACK DANIELS, U S Army (4,683 points), DICK STOLL, U S Army (4,604 points)

SHOOTING—PHILLIP CARR, Clyde, N C , won Great Cotton States Open all-gauge title by scoring 75 straight in shootoff, after first tying six others with perfect 100, at Spartanburg, S C

SWIMMING— World and American records fell like autumn leaves in AAU championships at Toledo
MIKE TROY *(see page 30)*, Indiana University, lopped three seconds off his 200-meter world butterfly record with a time of 2:13 4, also anchored Indianapolis AC's 800-meter freestyle relay team (PETER SINTZ, GEORGE BREEN, ALAN SOMERS, TROY) to world record of 8:17 DENNIS ROUNSAVELLE, 19-year-old junior at Southern Cal, who has never won a national title, broke the 400-meter world individual medley record with a time of 5:04 5, LANCE LARSON, Southern Cal, broke the 100-meter world butterfly record with a time of 58 7. TOM STOCK, Indianapolis, broke 200-meter world backstroke record with time of 2:16, Indianapolis AC's (FRANK McKINNEY, CHET JASTREMSKI, TROY, SINTZ) broke 400-meter world medley relay record with time of 4:09 2
American records went to JEFF FARRELL, New Haven (Conn) SC, who swam 100-meter freestyle in 54 8, 200 meter freestyle in 2:03, GEORGE BREEN, who did 1,500-meter freestyle in 17:33 5, PETER FOGARASY, North Carolina State, 200 meter breaststroke in 2 38 8; TOM STOCK, Indianapolis, 100-meter backstroke in 1 02 9; CHET JASTREMSKI, Toledo, 100-meter breaststroke in 1 11 8, ALAN SOMERS, 400-meter freestyle in 4:21 9
TSUYOSHI YAMANAKA broke listed 1,500-meter freestyle world record in 17 25, SATOKO TANAKA set 200-meter backstroke world record in 2 33.3, Japanese national championships, Tokyo.

TENNIS—BARRY MacKAY, after losing first set 4–6, defeated his Davis Cup teammate Bernard Bartzen 7–5, 6–4, 6–0 for National Clay Court title, at Chicago. DOROTHY HEAD KNODE, of Panama City, Panama, defeated Gwyn Thomas, of Shaker Heights, Ohio, 6–3, 6–3 for women's singles.
PEACHES BARTKOWICZ, 11-year-old sixth-grader from Hamtramck, Mich , after first winning singles and doubles (with JUDY DIXON, Montclair, N J.) in girls 11-and-under junior championships at Chattanooga, moved up to girls 13-and-under and defeated Vicki Holmes of Melbourne, Fla , 5–7, 6–2, 6–0 for that title Bill HARRIS, West Palm Beach, Fla , took boys 13-and-under title, ROY BARTH, San Diego, and JOHNNY SANDERLIN, El Cajon, Calif , boys 13-and-under doubles title, ZAN GUERRY, Chattanooga, boys 11-and-under singles title, as well as double title, with DON LUTZ, West Palm Beach, Fla
BILL LENOIR, Tucson, Ariz., retained his Western Junior title at Springfield, Ohio by defeating Frank Froehling, Coral Gables, Fla , 6–1, 1–6, 4–6, 7–5, 6–2

TRACK & FIELD — SIEGFRIED VALENTIN, East Germany, set 1,000-meter world record in 2:16 1, in meet at Potsdam

MILEPOSTS — SELECTED: DICK CHARLES, 39, Omaha television advertising salesman, as first commissioner of newly formed National Bowling League. Charles will set up league headquarters in Dallas The 12 teams in the NBL, which expects to be in operation by September 1961, are Birmingham, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Fort Worth, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis-St Paul, New York, Omaha, San Antonio

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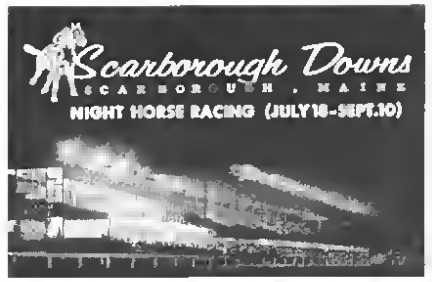
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS



HARD-LUCK LEFT-HANDERS Herb Score, Curt Simmons were back in form; Score five-hit Red Sox, Simmons six-hit Reds.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Old hands moved the **Milwaukee Braves** into first place. Warren Spahn, working as hard as ever, recorded his 11th win, and Bob Buhl and Lou Burdette posted their 10th victories. Hank Aaron, Joe Adcock and a rejuvenated Eddie Mathews kept up a steady drumfire of home runs. There was one sad note—Red Schoendienst, benched for three weeks, said. "A lot of people are forgetting I ever played." Steady tenants of the top for seven weeks, the **Pittsburgh Pirates** saw their lead evaporate on the Coast. Dependable Bob Friend and Roy Face faltered, and the second-liners remained as unstable as ever. Late inning runs, the secret to earlier Buc successes, suddenly couldn't save lost games. Slowly gaining ground, the **Los Angeles Dodgers** won two games from the Pirates on homers by Norm Larker and Tommy Davis, two from the Phils on superb pitching by Don Drysdale and Roger Craig. Pleasant surprise for Manager Alston was the steady fielding and near .300 hitting of Shortstop Maury Wills. The **St. Louis Cardinals** strengthened their hold on the first division. Fork-balling Reliever Lindy McDaniel saved a Larry Jackson win over the Braves, then survived a sudden cuffing to beat the Reds in extra innings. The fading **San Francisco Giants** got two booster shots. One was from ex-Manager Bill Rigney, who treated selected players to pregame pep talks. Far more important was the eye-catching performance of the new Willie McCovey, 21-year-old Juan Marichal, who pitched 15 scoreless innings in one-hitting the Phils, four-hitting the Pirates. **Cincinnati Reds'** Manager Fred Hutchinson lost sleep over the team's weak hitting. Worst offender was Eddie Kasko, who hit back to the pitcher six times in one stretch of 10 at bats. Unimpressed by his consistency, Hutch sent Kasko to the bench, put paddle-footed Willie Jones back on third. The **Philadelphia Phillies** got the pitching of a pennant contender and the hitting of a crippled crow. They lost three 2–0 games and could win only when Robin Roberts held the Giants to one scratch single. The **Chicago Cubs** brewed a tempest in their own little teapot. A local newsman reported player discontent with managerial and front-office actions, noting charitably that Chicago's press had been "extremely lenient" with a decade of blundering Bruins. The players immediately denied the charges, shouldered the blame for their own poor play.

Standings Mil 52-36 Pitt 53-37 LA 48-40 StL 49-41, SF 45-42 Cin 40-43, Phil 35-55, Chi 33-55

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Chi	Minoso	.325	Smith	.325	Sievers	.298	
NY	Skowron	330	Maris	313	Berra	294	
Clev	Aspromonte	320	Power	315	Kuenn	300	
Balt	Gentile	312	Robinson	297	Woodling	272	
Wash	Bertoia	293	Gardner	290	Lemon	287	
Det	Cash	273	Colavito	261	Yost	254	
Bos	Williams	.320	Runnels	311	Wertz	.294	
KC	Siebern	.287	Herzog	278	Snyder	.270	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Groat	319	Clemente	316	Burgess	305	
Mil	Adcock	305	Bruton	305	Covington	297	
LA	Larker	.343	Howard	.298	Wills	295	
StL	Musial	310	White	308	Cunningham	299	
SF	Mays	344	Davenport	279	Cepeda	276	
Cin	Post	296	Kasko	283	Pinson	281	
Phil	Taylor	297	Herrera	293	Curry	284	
Chi	Ashburn	322	Banks	281	Altman	.278	

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Maris, NY (313)	66	45	111
Mantle NY (268)	77	32	109
Minoso Chi (325)	55	51	106
Smith Chi (325)	50	39	89
Allison Wash (272)	52	37	89
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Mays, SF (344)	70	50	120
Banks Chi (281)	58	53	111
Aaron Mil (292)	62	48	110
Skinner Pitt (305)	63	46	109
Mathews Mil (283)	66	41	107

Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Chicago White Sox** and **New York Yankees** traded blows at the Stadium, and the Sox came away in first place (*see page 18*). Yankee pitching went from poor to pitiful, with the Big Three of Ditmar, Turley and Ford knocked out of the box in successive games. **Cleveland Indians'** Manager Joe Gordon was still hamstrung by the on-field antics of Jim Piersall and the off-field sniping of Frank Lane. Gordon threatened Piersall with $500 fines, then got tossed out of a Boston game for defending him. In this case, said Gordon somewhat sheepishly, the fine would not be levied. The **Baltimore Orioles**, all but ignored in current pennant talk, refused to fold gracefully. When the starters failed, the relievers took charge: old knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm won twice, young fast-baller Jack Fisher once. Formconscious Outfielder Jackie Brandt drew a rebuke from Manager Paul Richards. "That nonchalant stuff has to go," said Paul. "I told Brandt to look ugly catching the ball if he has to, just so long as he catches it." Threatened with sixth place, the **Detroit Tigers** turned to medicine for help. A physical exam revealed that Al Kaline, slogging along this year at .239, is suffering from fatigue and low blood pressure. Rx: occasional rest and a high potassium diet. The **Washington Senators'** drive for distinction was blunted by a nightmarish inning against the A's. The team made five errors (Shortstop Jose Valdivielso had three of them) to loose a flood of unearned runs. Forgotten Slugger Harmon Killebrew suddenly roused himself to hit three home runs in three games—but was still 33 under his 1959 record. The **Boston Red Sox** suffered the torments of the loser. Against the White Sox, they managed five hits one day, four the next. Then, in the series finale, they turned 13 hits, four walks and two errors into a dazzling display of base loading without the corollary of base unloading. They pushed just one run across home plate. Amid a spate of franchise maneuvers, the **Kansas City Athletics** won four games (two on unearned runs). KC pitching did an about face, with longtime winner Bud Daley losing his third straight, longtime losers Ned Garver, Dick Hall and Ray Herbert coming through with victories.

Standings Chi 52-38 NY 49-37 Balt 51-43 Clev 47-40 Wash 43-44 Det 42-45 Bos 36-52 KC 33-54

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE							
Chi	Staley	1 73	Baumann	2 18	Pierce	3 26	
NY	Ford	3 11	Turley	3 45	Ditmar	3 72	
Clev	Perry	3 23	Bell	3 50	Sligman	3 83	
Balt	Barber	3 36	Fisher	3 49	Wilhelm	3 60	
Wash	Pascual	3 23	Stobbs	3 25	Clevenger	3 31	
Det	Burnside	2 92	Bunning	3 08	Mossi	3 27	
Bos	Monbouquette	3 14	Sturdivant	4 30	Sullivan	5 14	
KC	Herbert	3 56	Hall	4 04	Daley	4 06	
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Pitt	Law	2 69	Friend	3 09	Face	3 14	
Mil	Pizarro	3 20	Buhl	3 41	Jay	3 51	
LA	Roebuck	1 90	Williams	2.53	Podres	3 02	
StL	McDaniel	2 59	Broglio	2 80	Jackson	2 91	
SF	McCormick	2 64	O Dell	2 66	Jones	3 04	
Cin	Brosnan	2 35	O'Toole	3 63	Purkey	4 18	
Phil	Farrell	2 61	Buzhardt	3 46	Conley	3 46	
Chi	Elston	2 93	Ellsworth	3 36	Morehead	3 51	

Boxed statistics through Saturday, July 23

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOLF CASTING, ANYONE?

Sirs:

I would like to apply for membership in the U.S. Golf Club Casting Association (19TH HOLE, July 18). I have long felt that the only purpose of golf was to vent emotion, and that the thin veneer of civilization that requires that a club not be thrown, when the impulse is overwhelmingly in favor of throwing it, is one of the many small frustrations which fill our mental institutions.

GORDON ROCK, M.D.

Davenport, Iowa

Sirs:

I wish to apply for immediate recognition by the USGCCA. I usually manage to break 80 which makes my pro very happy but it's a helluvalot of clubs.

TOM SAVAGE

Hutchinson, Minn.

OFFBEAT STROKE

Sirs:

In your picture of the winning U.S. Naval Academy eight at the Olympic rowing trials (*The Old Navy Way*, July 18) I noticed that the boat is rigged for a starboard stroke. Was the negative printed backward? It looks as though they actually use this unusual rigging!

C. K. MALLORY

New Orleans

● Navy's victorious stroke was not rocking convention, only his boat. For his elusive port outrigger, see below.—ED.



NAVY STROKE DAR HIDDEN AND REVEALED

THE BEST WAY

Sirs:

There is something you must understand. San Francisco has only the best (*The Sad, Bad Giants*, July 18).

We have the best view, best-dressed women, best restaurants, best sports reporters, best summer air conditioning, ad infinitum.

So if you think for one second that we are going to take second place in anything you are mistaken! When our Giants go into a slump they do it the only way they know, the San Francisco way—the best way.

HARRY WAY

San Francisco

Sirs:

It is too bad that you printed your article a week too soon. The Giants really made a booboo the following Saturday. Playing the Los Angeles Dodgers, Pitcher Jack Sanford balked with the bases loaded.

KENNY CHURCH

Fresno, Calif.

Sirs.

The Giants shall yet rise to conquer.

ROBERT MITTEL

San Francisco

LARGE HANDFUL

Sirs:

If the number of spectators at Blind Brook polo matches represents a "handful of diehards," it's a mighty large, youthful and enthusiastic one (*Relics of the Past*, July 18).

BETTY H. NORFLEET

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

There were at least a thousand enthusiastic spectators at the Eastern Polo League game.

BILLIE HELLER

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

We have more horses, more players and better crowds than ever before.

EDDIE KUCHARSKI

Purchase, N.Y.

SHOVELS AWEIGH

Sirs:

The collision is startling enough, but do my eyes deceive me or do I see two long-handled shovels (*Collision Course*, July 18)? Are these something new in oars?

JOHN A. RIDDLE

Pittsburgh

● The eyes have it. Outboards have largely replaced oars in treasure hunters' boats, but it still takes a shovel to dig for buried treasure.—ED.

BORA-BORA BURIAL

Sirs:

Carleton Mitchell states that lone voyager Alain Gerbault "ended his days, to be buried in the lagoon" of Bora-Bora.

According to other sources, in 1941, during Gerbault's second circumnavigation, he was stricken with dysentery in Dili, Portuguese Timor, died and was buried there.

Is the Bora-Bora version fact or a flight of romantic Polynesian fancy?

GORDON T. HAWKE

London, Ont.

● Alain Gerbault died of malaria in Dili in 1941. But in 1947 his body was taken to Bora-Bora and buried beside the lagoon, as near to the sea burial he had wanted as French law would allow.—ED.

SERIOUS BUSINESS

Sirs:

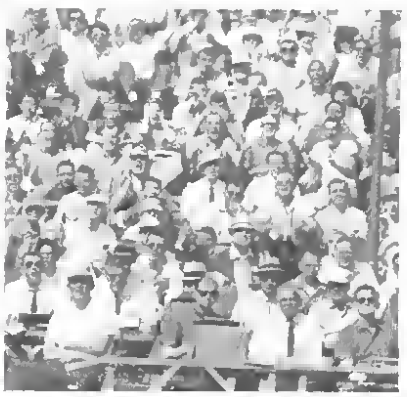
I agreed wholeheartedly with your use of the word empathy in describing the feeling between the crowd and the athlete at the Olympic trials. Your picture labeled *Bug-eyed for Bragg* (July 11) shows this emotional sharing beautifully.

However, what is wrong with the sportswriters present? Is it considered unprofessional or something by you people to show elation at seeing a world record being made?

PETER TORREY

San Francisco

● Reporting records is a serious business.—ED.



SPORTSWRITERS WORK AS BRAGG VAULTS

JINXED DOUBLES

Sirs:

An open, and therefore once more exciting, Wimbledon (EDITORIAL, July 18) was just the impetus needed to get my husband to take me to Europe next spring. Too bad. Well, maybe 1962.

ANN BUNIS

Cincinnati

MIJN HEMEL, there's a ship outside my window!

—and the bridge just floated across the river!

—and all of life has a magic storybook quality in colorful Dutch colonial Curaçao. Even your hotel, the Curaçao Intercontinental. Glass and tile and modern as can be, it's actually built into an ancient waterfort!

A 15-foot waterfall splashes in the garden. You plunge into a split-level swimming pool, or lounge in its subterranean casino (watch your friends go bubbling by the portholes)!

As for Curaçao itself—it's tiny bright-colored houses with gabled roofs! A market that sails into town on small inter-island schooners. Sophisticated shops where you can buy cameras, watches, silks, silver, linens, fine liqueurs—all at the lowest prices in the world!

Golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing—Curaçao gives you everything! Plus air-conditioned comfort. Magnificent cuisine. And the world's most attentive service.

Your travel agent knows us. Get to know him. Or write: Intercontinental Hotels, Chrysler Building, New York 17.

CURAÇAO

INTERCONTINENTAL

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PAT ON THE BACK



CARROLL SOO-HOO

'They're my guests'

Carroll Soo-Hoo of Berkeley, Calif. admires wild animals—so much so that he sometimes joins them in their cages—and he wants other people to have a chance to admire them too. He is shown with a cheetah named Gen, one of a pair he recently presented to the San Francisco Zoo, the first cheetahs the zoo has possessed in 25 years. "It's my way of using my money and enjoying it, and having other people enjoy it too," the 49-year-old Chinese-American bachelor says. "When I see people coming to the zoo I can consider they're my guests."

Soo-Hoo, who works as a civilian electrician for the U.S. Navy, is not a wealthy man. But market investments have enabled him to give $6,000 to the zoo since 1958. His money has bought the two cheetahs, Gen and Sinbad, a Damaraland zebra known as Roberta and a pair of Cape hunting dogs which are thus far nameless, although the zoo is thinking of calling them Sue and Hugh.

At the moment Carroll Soo-Hoo is wondering whether to make his next gift a wombat or a gnu. Zoo officials cannot help but hope he decides on the latter. They foresee the headline: SOO-HOO GIVES GNU TO ZOO.

(continued from front flap of this insert)

of Marketing for Isodine Pharmacal Corporation:

In 1959, we tested some advertising in your West Coast edition and although we were not very satisfied with our advertising copy, we were quite pleased with the general reaction in the trade to the selection of your medium.

As a result, this Spring we decided to run a series of small space ads (square columns) in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—and with your help merchandised this advertising to the trade.*

The promotion which you devised for us was so effective in creating interest that this is what actually happened. At this point we are sold out of our Athlete's Foot Treatment, and I am above forecast on the product for the first time in four years.

When you compare the expenditure we are making with you with the expenditures we made in spot television, the whole thing becomes almost unbelievable. As you know, we are using no other advertising except that which we are running with you—so I can't attribute it to much of anything else.

After one of our recent memos in which we cast our eyes across every possible subject from the state of the National Economy to the Median Income of SI Subscribers, we got a phone call from one of our friends who said:

"Never mind the philosophy, Callaway! Just tell us how SI can sell merchandise. That's all anybody in this business cares about."

So that's all we've tried to do this week, and all we'll be trying to do for the next few memos. Actually,

(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

it makes life easy for us, because if there is one thing SPORTS ILLUSTRATED can do efficiently, it is—**sell merchandise.**

Pete Callaway

Pete Callaway
Advertising Director



(News foto by Ed Peters)

Even though the subject of this memo is results stories, we'll resist the temptation to claim the photo on the left as one of them. But when we saw it in the *New York Daily News* on the day before the opening of the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, we felt we had to pass it on to you. Let's just say it's a picture of a successful man on the eve of the most important event in his life so far. He's just been looking at a favorite magazine, and he's happy to have everyone know it.

Lots of other successful family men in his age bracket feel the same way he does.

(This is a strictly non-political message about one thing Republicans and Democrats can both approve of . . . i.e., SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.)



No guesswork! The electric eye sets the exposure—*automatically*!

GOOD SHOT...EVERY SHOT!

New Kodak Automatic 35 Camera sets itself for you!

Every "click" of this amazingly simple camera can mean another color slide you'll treasure—exposed just right. The new Kodak Automatic 35 Camera sets itself *automatically!*

The built-in electric eye measures the light and adjusts the lens *for* you. Shoot in bright sunlight, the lens "squints" as your eyes do. Shoot in shade, the lens opens up automatically—to *f*/2.8 if needed. You just snap away whenever you want. If light is too dim, an *automatic* signal tells you to use flash.

Loading is easy—no threading. Advancing the film is fast—one thumb-flick. No double exposures. And you can use all popular 35mm films—for color slides, color snaps, and black-and-whites.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Automatic 35 Camera. Only $89.50, or as little as $9 down. Many dealers will take your old camera in trade.

Note to travelers. To enjoy your color slides sooner, buy Kodak Prepaid Processing Mailers. Mail your exposed film to Kodak, and your finished slides will be returned direct to your home.

Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.

Automatic projector changes slides for you!



You turn it on, it does the rest. Kodak Cavalcade Projector really turns slide-showings into shows! $124.50. As little as $12.50 down.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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